

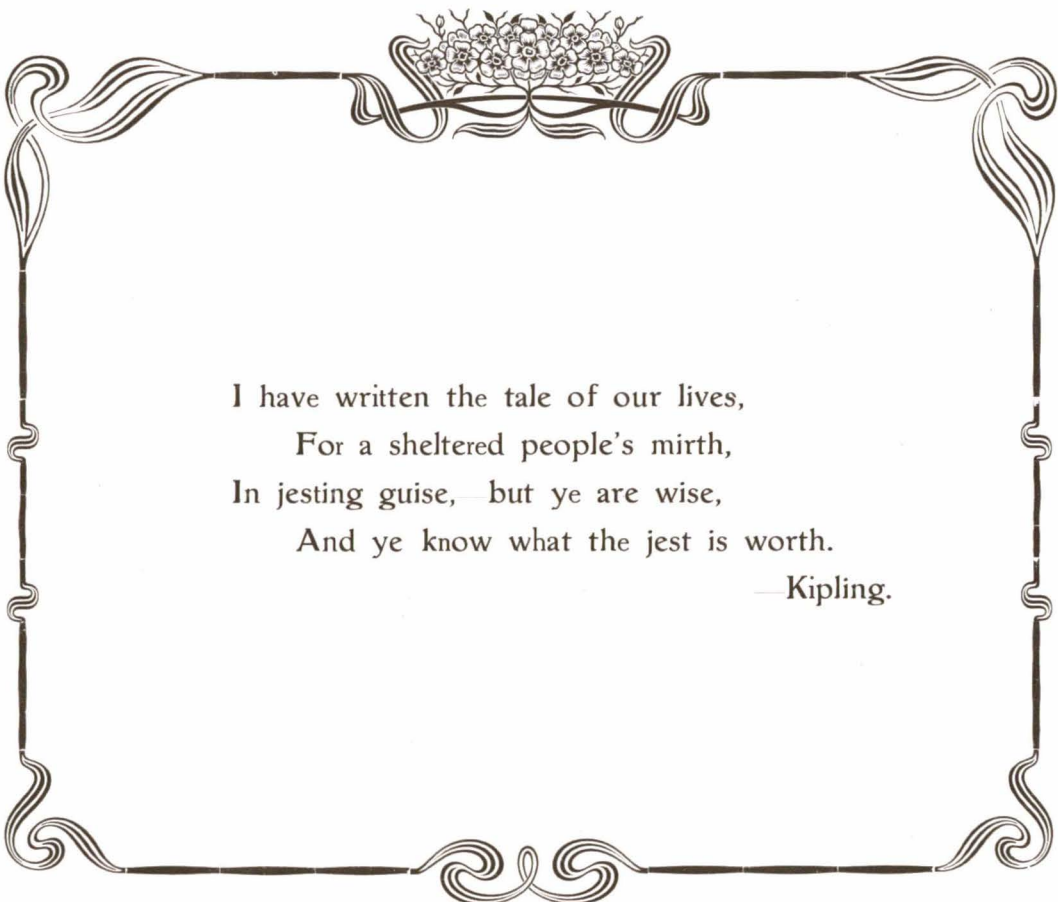
*To*  
*Our Honorary President,*  
*Prof. Wilbur F. Smith.*



.. Press of ..

STONEBRAKER  
BROTHERS  
COMPANY

.. Baltimore, Md ..



I have written the tale of our lives,  
For a sheltered people's mirth,  
In jesting guise,—but ye are wise,  
And ye know what the jest is worth.

—Kipling.






## Foreword.



For a book whose publication has been attended with unusual difficulties, the Editors, contrary to custom, make no apology. Indeed, they go so far as to suggest, and, they hope, not without reason, that upon several particulars in the make-up of the book they deserve congratulation.

**They have selected an appropriate title.**  
**They have discarded time-worn features.**  
**They have introduced new features.**  
**They have brought the book up to date.**

The reader will observe that, as a matter of fact, the last expression includes those preceding, and whether that assertion is maintained he must now judge for himself.







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OUR HONORARY PRESIDENT.



## A Word to the Wise.



NE might be tempted to say, after a cursory examination of college year-books, that the place of the teacher in these publications resembles very closely that of Polonius when Hamlet reports him "At supper; not where he eats, but where he is eaten." And it is not, I think, an absolutely settled question what his functions are when he enters their columns as a contributor. I suppose it is perfectly legitimate for him to occupy upon this, as upon almost all other occasions, the natural and customary attitude of giver of advice, to rehearse in his most professional manner the elementary but fundamental principles upon which future honorable and successful careers are to be based. This is sufficiently conventional to satisfy the most exacting, and it has the additional advantage of being economical. For there is no commodity of which the average teacher has a more abundant supply than advice,—he shares that possession with the rest of the race; and there is nothing which the average graduate needs less; so that the capital of the one is left practically unimpaired, while the sense of obligation of the other is not inconveniently oppressive. It may be, too, a sense of duty dictates the utterance of a few parting words of wisdom, and a certain unwillingness to occupy other than a strictly dignified attitude when old relations are to be changed, must be confessed. Some considerations, however may be urged why a departure from this traditional treatment might be tolerated.

It appears to me that the character of the book itself would seem to justify such a departure. A college year-book is vitally and essentially a students' production. Within it, matters which take their interest entirely from the associations and relations of college life, surveyed from the students' point of view, are portrayed and discussed; there is the local smack of person and place which gives delicious relish to intimates and participants, but is "flat, stale and unprofitable," to the rest of the world. Coupled with this, a certain latitude, really a considerable license, is to be taken for granted. Criticism is a matter of course, and all foibles, wherever found, are legitimate material. For once the student holds his mirror up to nature, and if the reflection seems at times a trifle distorted, it is the squint of a merry, fun-loving nature that is responsible for what may look extravagant and uncouth. There is no real bitterness in the satire, whatever maturer opinion may judge regarding the taste of its expression. Here is

conferred that very desirable vision prayed for by Robert Burns,—

“O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us.”

And that the sight is not always an agreeable one, goes without saying.

In such a record, then, of purely local happenings, in the unrestrained expression of sentiment, opinion, criticism, with its accompanying display of the natural boisterousness belonging to the superabundant vitality of youth, the staid figure of the professor, uttering his philosophical maxims, or dispensing his professional knowledge, seems to me somewhat incongruous.

Connected with this phase of the subject is probably the question, “Should the teacher make use of the golden opportunity given him to set such an example of moderation and sobriety as may influence the general tone of the work?” It is naturally not to be conceived that he will take any part in the fun-making, save as an objective element, but I do not believe that it is his part to endeavor to shape the policy or to influence the standard of these publications in any active or positive way. I do not believe that there is any pronounced sentiment in favor of such a course. It is true that a limited censorship has been practised, that a certain restraint has been sometimes imposed, when expression has verged on violence, but this has been in the way of prohibition only;—there has been no attempt, and there should be no attempt to dictate or inspire the work of the students in these year-books.

Since then, there is a certain incongruity in preaching in these publications, and a decided aversion to attempting to change their character, there seems really but one more available course open to the teacher-contributor. Shall he lecture? Shall he use the opportunity here afforded for a technical dissertation upon his special work? There is really no very weighty reason to urge against such a course, and it would seem to be a natural solution of the problem. There is no element of reproof that comes rather ungraciously from the invited guest; there is independence and dignity in this attitude. But to me it seems that matter of even this sort is out of place in productions of this kind.

I can readily see that the discussion of any new feature such as affects the College work as a whole, such, for instance, as the adoption of the elective system of studies, would be perfectly appropriate. It has the right local flavor, and goes to make a part of the affairs of the students as students. It is of material interest to them in their college work, and intimately and vitally concerns their college careers. Its success or its failure are legitimate material for discussion, since its very existence depends upon opinions regarding its usefulness and its advantages.

To introduce here, however, a technical subject and treat it in a technical manner, while it is no violation of the proprieties, does not seem to me an exact appreciation of “the eternal fitness of things”; whatever the merits of the subject, whatever the excellence of treatment, whatever the amiability of the audience, the atmosphere is an



unfriendly one, the occasion does not seem to call for this particular kind of work. A certain suggestion of pedantry will lurk under any exposition made in this contingency, and the notion that some unfair advantage has been taken of a privilege extended, that we have been lured to a lecture, so to speak, is apt to creep in and maintain itself in spite of honest efforts to dislodge it.

This brings us around once more to our original question of "What are the duties and what are the functions of the teacher who contributes to the college year-book?" His privileges, by virtue of the courtesy extended him by the students, are practically unlimited; he may do what he will—"dishonor shall be humor." But what ought he to do? I am really almost tempted to say the teacher has of right no place at all in the book, that he should be eliminated, expurgated, done away with, except, of course, as I have said before, as an objective element. In that capacity, he may be called on to endure different degrees of martyrdom, with the varying comforts of philosophy to support him in his trials. He may have an excellent opportunity for the display of stoicism, or he may enjoy with suspicious hilarity the jokes or grinds at his own expense, but with the traditional good manners of the defunct, he will not interrupt the proceedings at his own wake by any unseemly behavior. This particular use of a teacher in the year-book I have been led by some experience and observation to understand, and I had almost said I am convinced, he has no other use. Such a conclusion, however, should not be too hastily arrived at or too positively expressed; for just as there is back of all customs the historical basis of convention, good sense and justice, it is not to be doubted that this precedent of inviting some professor to contribute to the year-book, which seems about to become a custom, has its foundations in considerations which are not always to be found upon the surface. I would take it, in the first place, as a representative act. The honor of the invitation, is, of course, personal and particular, but it goes really as the message of one class of individuals to another, as an earnest of accord and sympathy, an evidence of trust and good faith. It says in effect: Share with us in this work; let the association of years eliminate all ideas of difference, yes, even the distinctions which ordinarily separate generations. Let the sympathy of a complete fellowship unite us by common ties, mutual interests, similar ideals. So it is most appropriate that the teacher should say something through these columns in recognition of the completer understanding and closer sympathy that bind together the present generation of teacher and student.

WILBUR F. SMITH.



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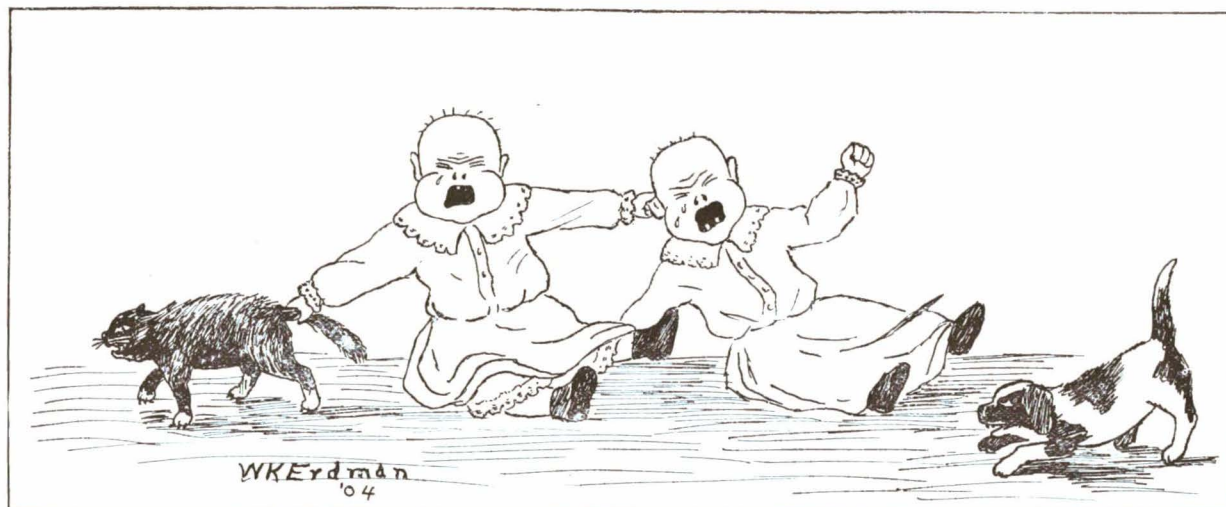
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## Songs and Yells.



Rickety, rex, rex, rex,  
Rickety, rex, rex, rex,  
Hullabaloo, How d'ye do;  
We are well, How are you?  
City College.

Sans sou-ci et tou-jours gai-ais,  
Le sou-rir tou-jours aux levres,  
Et l'e-clair tou-jours aux yeu-eux  
Sommes nous autres "The Ju-ni-ors;"  
L'u-ni-vers est tout a nous  
Rois nous en portent en-vie.  
Car nous sommes les jeunes ca-de-ets  
de l'an mil n-euf cent quatre c'est dit.

Com-pa-gnons du beau jeune a-ge,  
Sans sou-ci et tou-jours gais,  
A-vec du prin-temps au coe-oeur  
Et l'e-clair tou-jours aux yeux;  
Re-stons donc tou-jours e-le-ves  
A-vec du-u prin-temps au coeur,  
Et l'e-clair tou-jours aux yeu-eux  
Sans sou-ci et tou-jours gais.  
—A. M. Soho.

Ric-a-cha boom, ric-a-cha boom,  
Ric-a-cha, ric-a-cha, boom, boom, boom,  
Boom-a-lacker, eat a cracker,  
Ris—rah—ror,  
City College, City College, Nineteen-Four.—Juniors.

Mehe, mehi, meho,  
Rumasticka, bumanicka,  
Soap fat, minni cat, soap fat, marang,  
Hobble gobble, ricka racka,  
Hobble gobble, fire cracker,  
Hobble gobble, razoo,  
Johnny, blow your bazoo,  
Sis—boom—bah,  
Naughty -Four Juniors, rah-rah-rah.

Rah—rah—rah, Purple and White,  
Hip-e-rah, hip-e-rah, ching, chang, chite,  
Kyro, kero, key-hole, key,  
Who are the champions. We, we, we.—Juniors.

One-a-minora,  
Hickory-addity,  
Addity-crassity,  
Timboo-lady,  
Mickity-mackety,  
Mackety-more,  
Humpty-dumpty,  
Nineteen-Four.

—Juniors.



## Class of 1904.

Colors—Royal Purple and White.

Motto—Constantia et virtute vincimus.

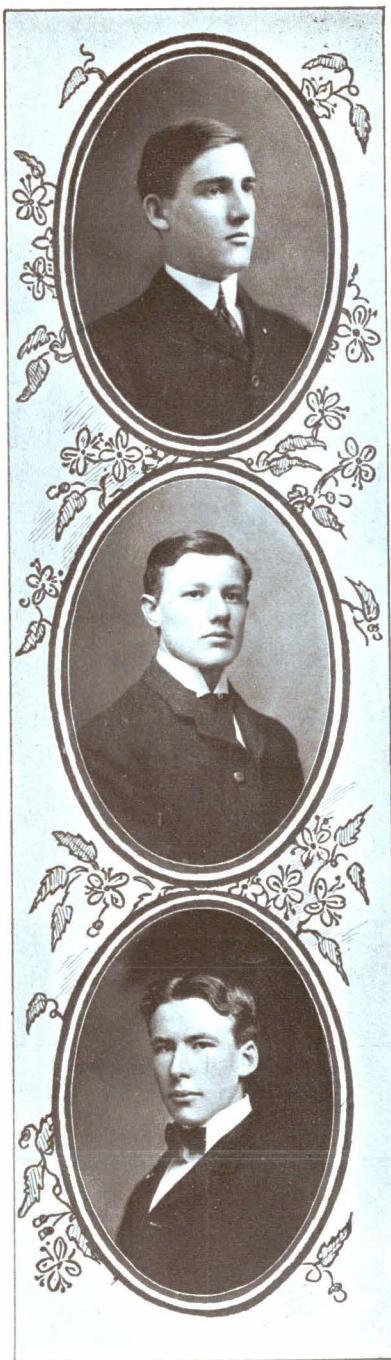


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W. Kenneth Erdman . . . . .	Artist.
Guy H. Reese . . . . .	Jester.
Joseph T. Ware . . . . .	Mascot.



A Collection of Epitaphs  
from  
Smith's "Epitaphs of Great Men of the Last Century,"  
(with a photograph and record of each)  
Published in the year 2002 A. D.  
by  
John James Smith, Esq.



FRANK BLACKFORD ADAMS.

"Welches Geschlecht?"

Business Manager of "Rickety-Rex"; Vice-President of Class; President, Bancroft Literary Association, '03; Historian of Class, '02-'03; Secretary and Vice-President, Bancroft Literary Association, '02-'03; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Class Indoor Baseball Team; Baseball Team; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

Mourn for the lost by tempest tost  
Upon the molten ocean;  
We hear him cry, "Ye gods on high  
O please amend the motion."

THOMAS NORVIN BARTLETT.

"Tene."

Chief Usher at Christmas Play; Secretary, Glee Club; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Football Team; Indoor Baseball Team; Baseball Team; Manager, Hockey Team, '00-'02; Class Indoor Baseball Team, '00-'04.

Our hearts are sad, though strong and stout,  
Our Tom must pay a dreadful price;  
For where he's gone, it's past a doubt,  
He can't play hockey on the ice.

CLEVELAND ROBINSON BEALMEAR.

"Samuel."

Vice-President of Bancroft Literary Association, '03; Treasurer of Class, '01-'02; Prophet of Class, '02-'03; Board of Governors Athletic Association; in cast Christmas Play; Treasurer Christmas Play Committee; Captain Class Basketball Team, '03; Class Relay Team, '03; Captain Reserve Basketball Team, '02; Manager Reserve Basketball Team, '04.

We have heard that His Majesty, Satan,  
Has need of a treasurer, too,  
For the people are slow to come up with the dough,  
To furnish the devil his due.



GEORGE McGAW BENSON.

"Jojo."

Sergeant-at-Arms of Class, '00-'04; Class Representative on Floor at Christmas Play; Captain Reserve Football Team; Captain Hockey Team, '00-'01; Athletic Association; Chess Club, '02.

This wayward youth with stubborn beard,  
Could not endure the sinful pace,  
And he has gone where it is feared  
They're striking matches on his face.

WILLIAM EDWIN BIRD, JR.

"Birdie."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Chairman, Christmas Play Committee; Treasurer, Agassiz Association, '02-'03; Sergeant-at-Arms, Agassiz Association, '03-'04; Bancroft Literary Association; College Correspondent for Baltimore American.

Our Birdie sleeps with folded wings,  
Beneath this flowery bed;  
He always had the straightest part  
A-down his little head.

HUGH McCOULOH BRANHAM.

"Beau Brummel."

Reserve Football Team, '03; Track Team; Reserve Basketball Team; Athletic Association; Weird Sisters; Bancroft Literary Association.

With joy he heard the summons,  
That freed him from all care,  
For no more must he polish  
His shoes, nor comb his hair.





VERNON BROWN.

"Feet."

Member of Bancroft Literary Association.

His spectre if by chance you spy,  
You needn't terror harbor;  
He's simply gotten leave to try  
To interview the barber.

SOLOMON LEON CHERRY.

"Sol."

Member Carrollton-Wight Literary Society; Athletic Association.

We asked ourselves about this lad,  
When he lay down to die,  
If there was heat enough below  
To cook a cherry pie.

FRANCIS DORSEY CHRISTILF.

"F."

Member Athletic Association.

The firm request our friend did cite,  
Before he left this earth,  
That on his tombstone we should write,  
"I've had my money's worth."

JOHN PAGE COLE.

"Jay P."

Holder State Interscholastic Records for mile and half mile; Second Vice-President and Member of Board of Governors Athletic Association; Track Team; Glee Club; Chess Club; Mistress of Charmed Cauldron in Weird Sisters.

The holy saints will sorely grieve,  
And oft give vent to rage,  
When, looking o'er the Book of Life,  
They come across this "Page."

WALTER AUGUSTUS DALY.

"Sleepy."

Member of the Class of 1904.

O! tell us not he sleepeth!  
That yarn sounds rather tough;  
Some other joy he reapeth—  
In life he slept enough.

ARLINGTON LEE COOK.

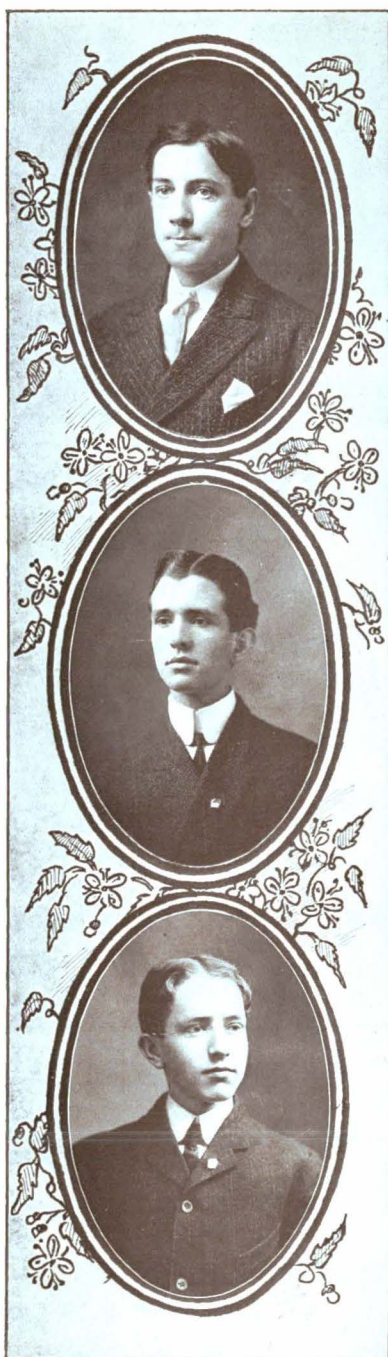
"Ah Lee."

Membership Committee Athletic Association; Hockey Team; Weird Sisters; Bancroft Literary Association.

With what delight  
Will this be read;  
Lee's tongue is gone,  
For now he's dead.







ULYSSES GRANT DIVER, "Reds."

Member Bancroft Literary Association.

At most common times and seasons,  
 Doctor's notions are assorted;  
 Yet the doctors all reported  
 Diver died for Diver's reasons.

FITZHUGH JAMES DODSON. "Docks."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Assistant Treasurer of Class, '02-'03; Class Indoor Baseball Team; Baseball Team; Glee Club.

He had an appetite for work,  
 A fact beyond a question;  
 He gratified his appetite—  
 And died of indigestion.

WILLIAM HENRY DOYLE. "Mickey."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Class Orator, '02-'04; in cast Christmas Play; Vice-President Bancroft Literary Association, '03; Athletic Association; Weird Sisters.

Society's blue-blooded monkeys,  
 With all of their cold-blooded tricks,  
 Are ever surpassed, from the first to the last,  
 By one of these green-blooded "Micks."



LEWIS HAY EICHELBERGER.

"Ike."

Captain Football Team, '03; Baseball Team, '00-'04; Football Team, '00-'03; Field Team; Athletic Association.

Upon this earth—a football field,  
With Heav'n before him as his goal,  
This player struggled long and hard,  
But couldn't win to "save his soul."

DANIEL STANLEY ELLIOTT.

"Danny."

Captain Basketball Team, '02-'03; Basketball Team, '02-'04; Class Basketball Team, '02-'04; Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association.

Such love had Dan for basketball,  
He cried, "I want no casket;  
If you would help me make the goal,  
Just put me in a basket."

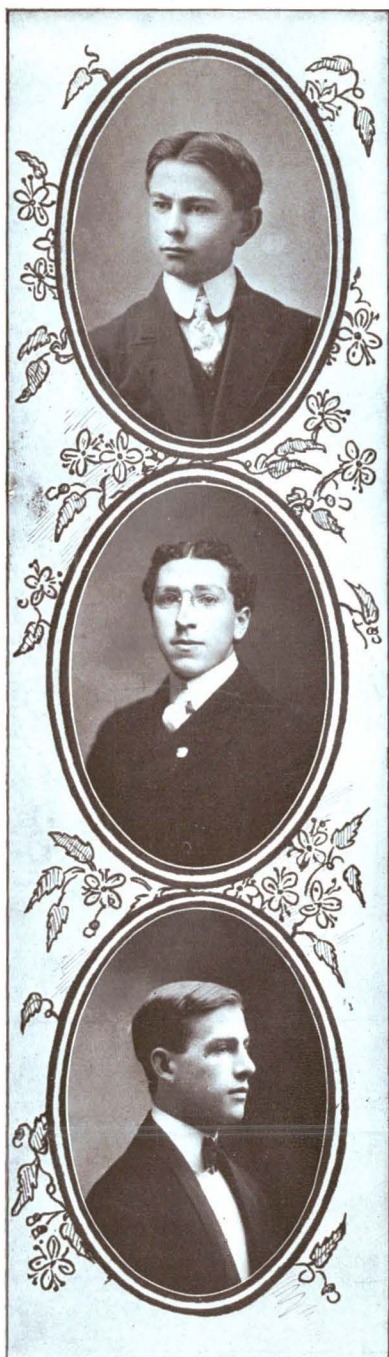
WILLIAM KENNETH ERDMAN.

"Angelo."

Art Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Artist of Class, '02-'04; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

Anything that you could mention,  
He could draw, who lies in death;  
He could even draw attention,  
Yet he couldn't draw his breath.





WILLIAM WYATT FEARS.

"Country."

Member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Stevites.

When Satan in his glory calls,  
 "Now, Country, 'tis your turn,"  
 Our friend will have a sure reply,  
 "I'm yet too green to burn."

ALBERT JOSEPH FLEISCHMANN.

"Woman."

Holder College One-mile Bicycle Record; Hockey Team, '00-'02;  
 Weird Sisters; Athletic Association.

O! Albert dear, we miss you here,  
 And fear you haunt another world,  
 Wherein the heat beneath your feet  
 Will keep your hair forever curled.

WILLIAM GARRISON FLUHARTY.

"Fluhy."

Vice-President of Class, '02-'03; Secretary of Class, '01-'02; President  
 and Director Instrumental Club, '01-'02-'03-'04; Manager Track Team,  
 '02-'03; Athletic Association; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

"Fluhy" is the man who ran  
 In one and two mile races;  
 And he's the one who came in last,  
 In—Oh! so many cases.

HERBERT CHRISTIAN FORRESTER.

"Athlete."

Athletic Association; Glee Club; Bancroft Literary Association.

If in the land of fireworks  
They punish every boast,  
The sentence of poor Herbert  
Will be, "Forever roast."

ARTHUR LEYBURN FRANKLIN.

"Beauty."

Member of the Class of 1904.

Since the features of his beauty  
Have escaped his fellow creatures,  
We, his friends, do double duty  
To the beauty of his features.

DAVID HARRY FRANKLIN.

"Dido."

Carollton-Wight Literary Society; Athletic Association.

Upon this earth with solemn face  
His humble way did David pace;  
So, when in bliss he dwells a while,  
We trust that Dave will learn to smile.







RAYMOND FREAS.

"Tubes."

Vice-President Agassiz Association, '02-'04; Grand Master Stevites;  
Bancroft Literary Association.

A good-hearted fellow and son of a preacher,  
Lacking the vices assigned such a creature;  
An infantile chemist of wonderful skill,  
Who poisoned himself with a Powhatan pill.

WILLIAM RICKERT GLEN.

"Parson."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Charter Member and Lord High Treasurer  
Stevites; President of Bancroft Literary Association.

Here lies Glen, our laughing man,  
Who died from a terrible cough;  
Though now he's dead, yet still he wears  
The smile that won't come off.

SAMUEL MARCUS GOLDMAN.

"Sammy."

Jester of Class, '01-'02; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Instrumental Club;  
Glee Club; Athletic Association; Carrollton-Wight Literary Society.

No dark gloom shall o'er us settle  
At this end of Goldman's pleasure;  
We, though gold's a precious metal,  
Couldn't call this buried treasure.

EARL RESIDE HACK.

"Cabby."

Member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Stevites.

If bells are rung in Heaven,  
And Hennick guards the gate,  
He'll have to give a pass to Hack,  
Who's bound to get there late.

EVAN DONOVAN HANS.

"Don H."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Hobb's Contest Committee, Bancroft Literary Association; Athletic Association; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

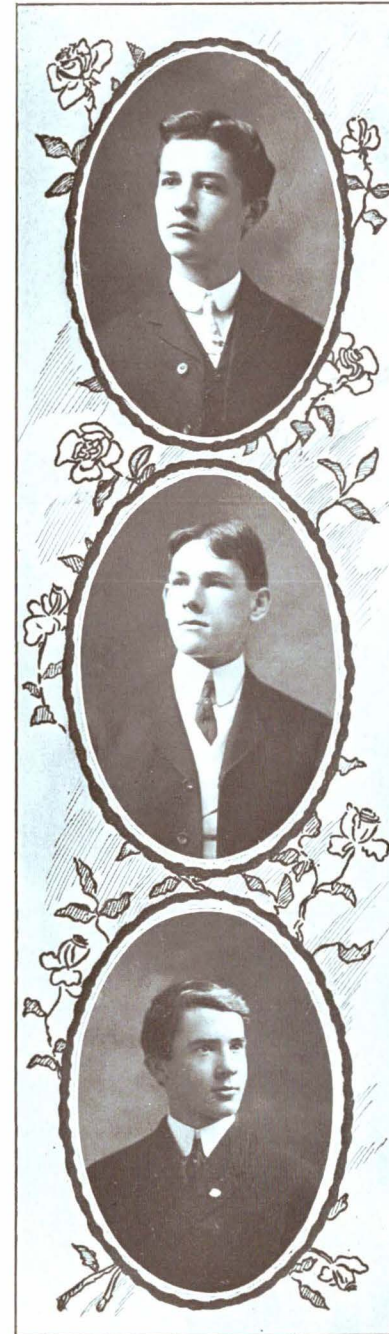
Before he knocks at the golden gate  
A sentence bold will meet his eye;  
And this it is will seal his fate,—  
"Too many Hans will spoil the pie."

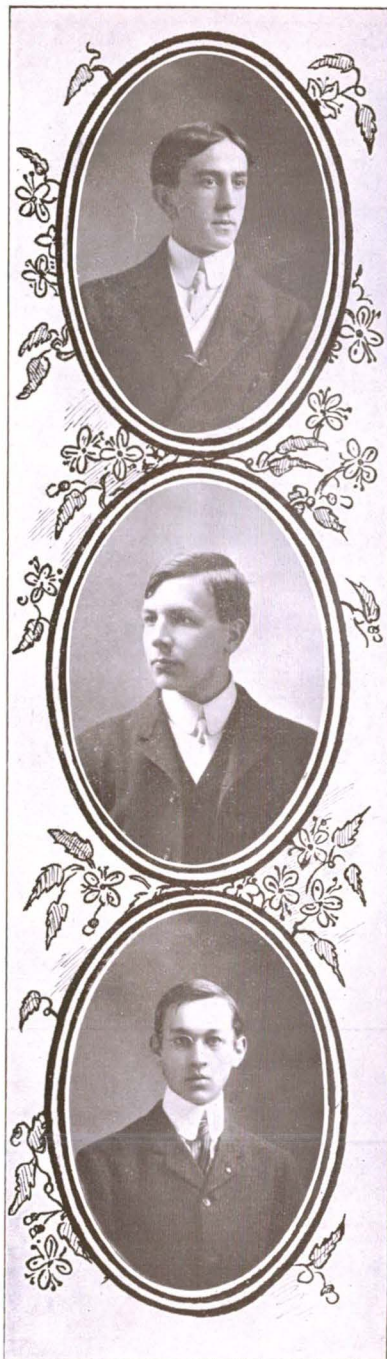
WESTON O'BRIEN HARDING.

"Irish."

Bancroft Literary Association; Stevites; Athletic Association.

Harding rests forever  
'Neath this marble stone,  
Where the blaze shines brighter  
Than his wit e'er shone.





WILLIAM EDWARD HAWKINS.

"Billy."

Reserve Basketball Team, '03; Bancroft Literary Association; Athletic Association; Glee Club; Chess Club.

Five feet underneath this creeper,  
Lies his body sere and dry;  
But you'll have to dig much deeper  
Ere his spirit you will spy.

MARTIN MORRISON HIHN.

"Greasy."

Football Team, '02-'04; Class Indoor Baseball Team, '02; Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association; Glee Club.

Two things alone upon this earth  
To Hihn gave any pleasure;  
The one was plenty of food and sleep;  
The other, endless leisure.

EDWARD TREMAINE HILLS.

"Teddy."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Glee Club.

If college students would but try  
To follow him, they'd learn  
The greatest work is always done  
By one that's taciturn.



WALTER HENRY HUFF.

"Shorty."

President of Class, '01-'04; Editor of "Ricky-Rex"; Christmas Play Committee; Charter Member and Business Manager ('02-'03) Instrumental Club; Treasurer Serial Entertainment Committee; '02-'03; Usher Class Day, '03; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Mandolin Club, '02-'04.

His love for work to cover  
Would take us many a day,  
For like a timid lover,  
He kept a mile away.

JOHN FREDERICK HUNTER.

"Chonny."

Relay Team; Reserve Football Team; Junior Relay Team, '03; Class Relay Team, '03; Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association; Glee Club; Weird Sisters.

Long he'll wait before the portals  
Of the bright and shining gate,  
For the saints will make him stand there,  
Till he gets his story straight.

FRANK PRESTON JURNEY.

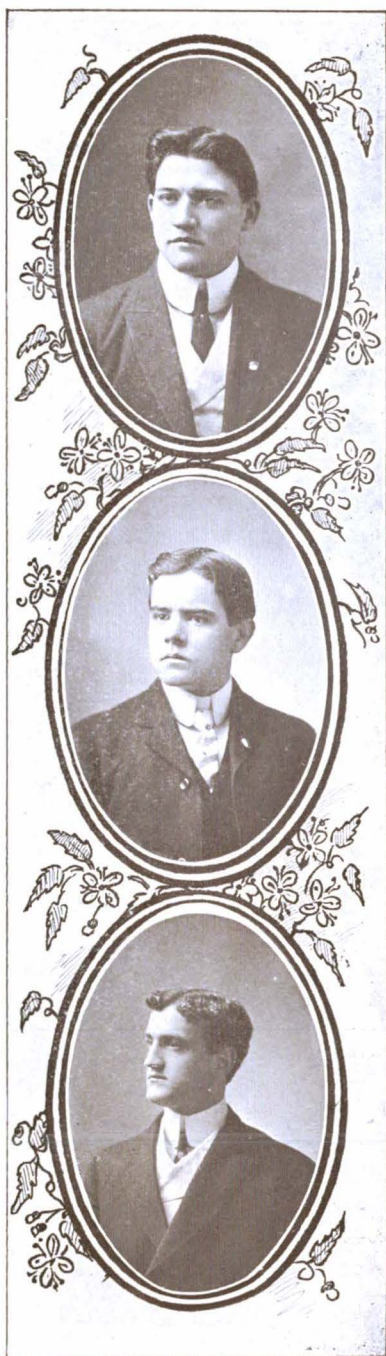
"Bedelia."

Member Athletic Association.

To determine the fate of a man such as he,  
Would puzzle a brilliant attorney:—  
We're hoping he'll be just as happy as we  
When he comes to the end of his journey.







JOHN GEORGE KARL.

"Busch."

Member of Glee Club.

When such a one as he departs  
 Unto the bright and shining lands,  
 A mighty weight is on our hearts,—  
 A mightier is off our hands.

EDGAR JOSEPH KEMP.

"Mellins."

Reserve Football Team.

If the angel chorus above,  
 Want one who tenor sings,  
 They'll give this youth with a wee small voice  
 A pair of snowy wings.

HERBERT KING.

"Doctor."

Manager and Captain, Baseball Team; Baseball Team, '00-'04; Captain Football Team, '02; Football Team, '01-'03; Board of Governors Athletic Association; Class Indoor Baseball Team, '03.

If the tears of maidens slaughtered  
 Served to keep his memory green,  
 Herbert's grave would be so watered  
 As to wipe it off the scene.

WALTER NESS KIRKMAN.

"Kirk."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Historian of Class; in cast Christmas Play; Member Christmas Play Committee; Assistant Treasurer of Class; Usher at Contest Play, '03; Bancroft Literary Association; Athletic Association.

When at this mound in after years,  
Ye think upon this blighted bud,  
Withhold, O friends, your swelling tears—  
To guard against a second flood.

HARRY BARRETT KRAUSZ .

"Heine."

Lacrosse Squad; Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association.

Heaven's saints, in blissful glee,  
Roam through streets and gardens fair,  
But at sight of Harry B,  
E'en the saints will have to swear.

ARTHUR RUSSEL KNIPP.

"Knippo."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Assistant Treasurer of Class, '02-'04; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Bancroft Literary Association; Reserve Basketball Team; Indoor Baseball Team; Class Indoor Baseball Team; Athletic Association; Winner Singles in Tennis Tournament, '03.

O Jupiter, come in compassion,  
Deliver me out of this fix,  
For I can't get a boat with the tonnage  
To carry me over the Styx.





ARTHUR LEOPOLD MAASS.

"Chemist."

Member Bancroft Literary Association.

Here lies a chemist, gentle dove,  
Of whom we make no merriment,  
When speaking of his stay above,  
We hope it's no experiment.

COLIN MACKENZIE MACKALL.

"Mack."

Member of Art Club.

Handsome face,  
Curly locks;  
Hated work,  
Loved loud socks.

HAMILTON VINCENT MILES.

"Ham."

Historian of Class, '00-'01; Poet of Class, '01-'02; Judge of Hobb's  
Contest, Bancroft Literary Association, '03; Lord High Scribe Stevites.

We told our friend before he died,  
The road was dark and rough;  
He simply sighed and then replied,  
"I'll get there on a bluff."



GERARD ARCHIBALD MURRAY.

"Bricktop."

Member Athletic Association.

O "Bricktop" has departed  
To live with those above;  
He has a pair of little wings  
Like those upon a dove.

GEORGE GARDNER BARKER NELSON.

"Hot air."

Member of Class of 1904.

He couldn't climb the golden stair,  
To reach his heavenly crown;  
He took the elevator ere,  
He saw 'twas "going down."

JOHN WILLIAM NICOL.

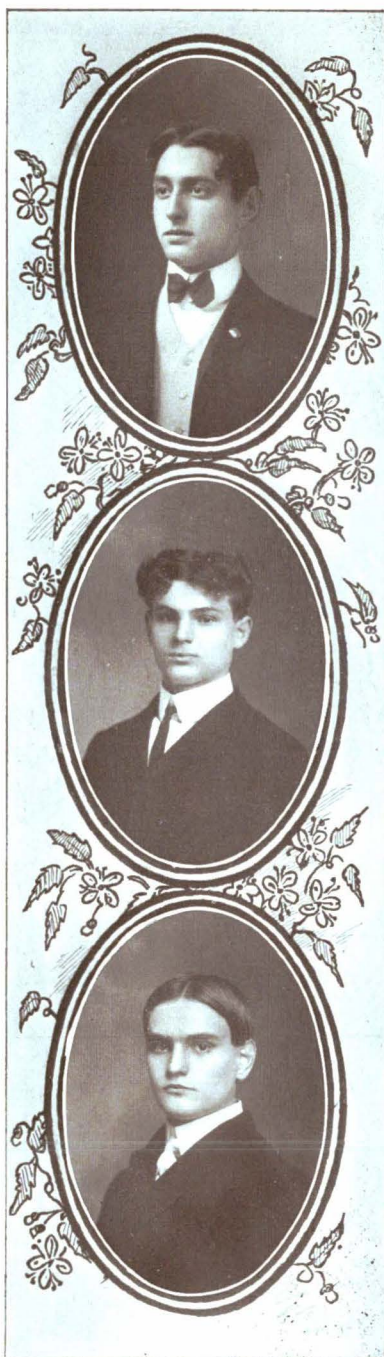
"Bratton."

Member Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

Says Saint Peter, "Fortune's fickle;  
How my money goes 'tis strange!"  
And he summoned Johnny Nicol—  
Just to have a little change.







ARTHUR RANKIN PADGETT.

"Otts."

President Athletic Association; Captain Track Team; Basketball Team, '02-'04; Class Basketball Team, '02-'04; "Hecate," President Weird Sisters; Bancroft Literary Association; Holder College Record for 440 yards; Second All-Round Athlete, Field Day, '03.

Long he trained, anticipating  
That he'd win his final race;  
So that at the start toward Hades  
He was there to set the pace.

BERNARD MARK PARELHOFF.

"Berny."

Member Athletic Association.

He out-talked any on this earth  
Until his tongue had ceased to wag;  
They long withheld his angel robes  
For fear he'd start to "chew the rag."

JAMES GRANVILLE PHILLIPS.

"Jiminez."

Editor-in-Chief of "Rickety Rex"; Class Poet; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Class Indoor Baseball Team; Bancroft Literary Association, '01-'03; Athletic Association, '01-'02.

Do not ask in what he differed  
From the most of other men;  
For his "differs" were too many  
To be writ by mortal pen.

CHARLES FREDERICK PIETSCH.

"Carlo."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Athletic Association.

Here receive a warning  
Of the dangers lurking  
In the love so common —  
Love of over-working.

WILLIAM PLEET.

"Blossoms."

Member Bancroft Literary Association.

How droll 'twill be to meet  
Our comrade Willie Pleet,  
Walking on his hands,  
To cool his blistered feet.

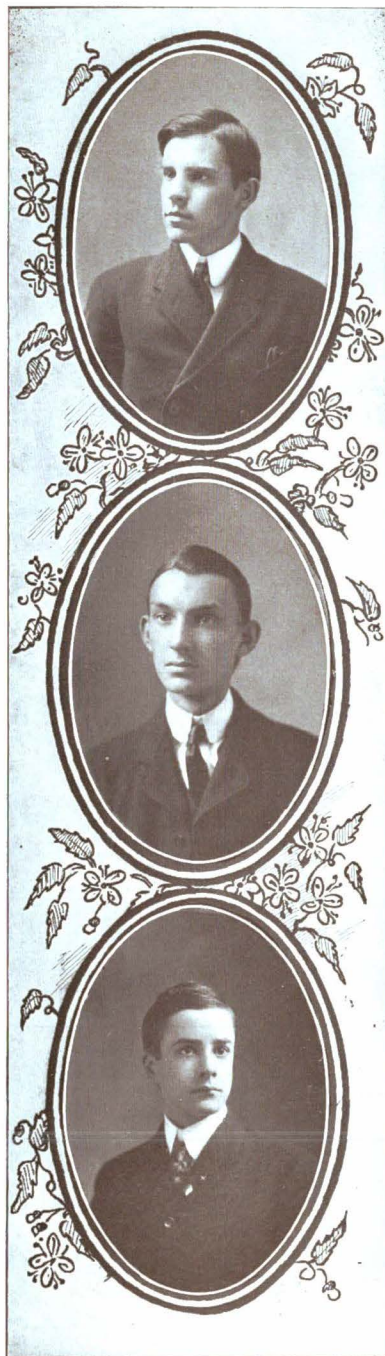
THOMAS WINTER PUMPHREY.

"Boscoe."

Field Team; Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association.

Beneath this sod for an ace or more  
His brawny bones lie scattered;  
His bow-like legs and massive chest  
No more on earth are flattered.





GUY HARRISON REESE.

"Kid."

Jester of Class; Prophet of Class, '02-'03; Christmas Entertainment Committee; Class Relay Team, '03; Track Team; Weird Sisters; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

As you gaze upon this shaft,  
Do not smile and wonder why  
Anyone was e'er so daft  
As to honor thus a "guy."

WILLIAM ANDREW REINHARDT.

"Dutch."

Secretary Agassiz Association, '02-'04; Sergeant-at-Arms Agassiz Association, '03.

If this be true,—When one is scared  
His hair will stand upright,—  
This youth then lived his life in fear  
And died of mortal fright.

CHARLES EARECKSON REINICKER.

"Reiny."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Bancroft Literary Association, '01-'03; Usher Class Day, '03.

"The road below is paved with good intentions";  
Be this the case, then, "Reiny," we do fear  
Thou went'st the way this well-known proverb mentions,  
For, alas, thou did'st not persevere.



ANDREW NICHOLAS REITER.

"Andy."

Member of Class of 1904.

A mixture of brains and hair,  
So bright that it fairly shone,  
Now rests in blissful solitude  
Quite far beneath this stone.

STANLEY MEADE REYNOLDS.

"Crine Ruber."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Class Prophet; in cast Christmas Play; High  
Spinster of Lucre and Quills in Weird Sisters; Bancroft Literary Association;  
Glee Club; Athletic Association.

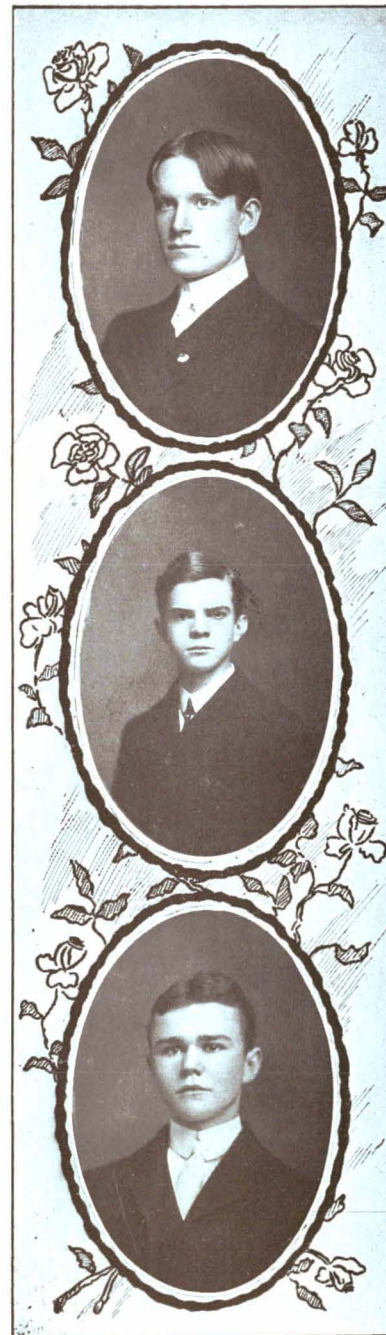
At last are we freed from this garrulous pest,  
And his figure so lithe and so wiry,  
May be seen in a land with his red head at rest,—  
In a land that is equally fiery.

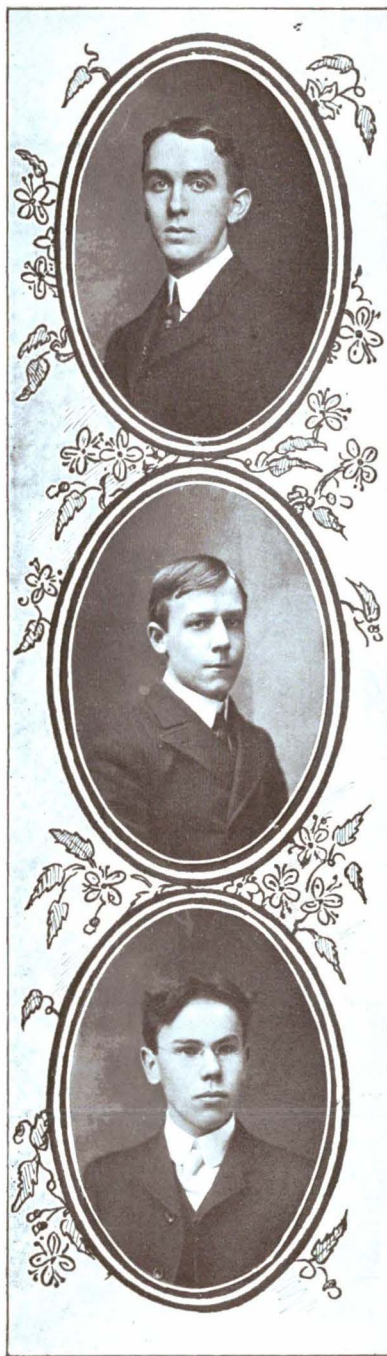
OSCAR LYNN RHODES.

"Crib."

Glee Club; Athletic Association.

Fond of application Lynn was not,  
"To study hard is pure and simple rot;  
When here's a good translation,  
Why cram without cessation?"—  
And hence, of course, his destination hot.





FORD RICHARDSON.

"Rich."

Vice-President of Class, '00-'01; Board of Governors Athletic Association; Relay Team; Football Team, '00-'03; Indoor Baseball Team, '01-'03; Chairman Field Day Committee, '04; Holder College Record for Hop, Step and Jump; Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

Richardson passed from the strife  
Of this life to a happy reward,—  
In crossing the river of life  
He simply made use of the "Ford."

HERMAN FREDERICK ROLKER.

"Fritz."

Member Agassiz Association.

He was fond of application, little dove;  
To study, study, study, he did love;  
But mental aberration  
From eternal occupation,  
Hath sent him quickly to his home above.

EDWIN WELLS ROUSE, JR.

"Possum."

Agassiz Association; Bancroft Literary Association.

The youth that's calmly resting here  
Had a mouth that reached from ear to ear  
Friend, step lightly o'er these mounds,  
For if he yawns, you're gone—By zounds!

WILLIAM DEAL ROYCROFT.

"Cæsar."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Business Manager Instrumental Club; Secretary Christmas Play Committee; Usher Class Day, '03; Contest Committee Bancroft Literary Association; Mandolin Club; Stevites; Athletic Association, '01-'02; Class Indoor Baseball Team, '01.

Upon the stage a "star" he shone,  
But not of fixed sphere;  
Some lesser stars will shoot, you know,  
And Billy's resting here.

DANIEL SACKERMAN.

"Cupid."

Art Editor of "Rickety-Rex."

Upon this earth he could with ease,  
For one so small, stir quite a breeze,  
When in his prime, cartoons he drew,  
With sense quite rich, with strokes quite few.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG SAULSBURY.

"Maggie."

Member of Class of 1904.

So like a maiden fair was he,  
We oft were forced to wonder  
If in the making up of Tom  
There had not been a blunder.







GERD HAYEN SCHULTE.

"Sandy."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Stevites; Bancroft Literary Association.

This youth when living on the farm  
Chopped the wood for exercise;  
So down below he'll have to work,  
If coal should hap to take a rise.

SAMUEL THOMAS SILBERMAN.

"George Washington."

Bancroft Literary Association; Athletic Association; Chess Club.

When Death's cold hand lay on our friend,  
He seemed content to die,  
For all throughout his long career  
He never told a lie.

HENRY LEWIS SINSKEY.

"Heinrich."

Membership Committee Carrollton-Wight Literary Society; Athletic Association.

Passing stranger, do not scorn him;  
Rather, pause and kindly mourn him;  
This, his fate, a volume tells —  
"Gone below to lead the yells."

ROBERT BYRON SMELTZER.

"Bobby."

Manager Football Team, '02-'03; Manager and Member Reserve Baseball Team, '02-'03; Baseball Team, '03-'04; Class Indoor Baseball Team, '00-'04; Carrollton—Wight Literary Society.

'Tis a fact rather strange, yet we frankly confess  
That for "Manager Bob" we've a fear;  
If he's making a hit at his present address  
It's more than he ever did here.

LEO FLEISHER STEINDLER.

"Lela."

Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association.

Rest in peace, O quiet youth,  
You ne'er were known to shirk  
The slightest opportunity  
To keep from any work.

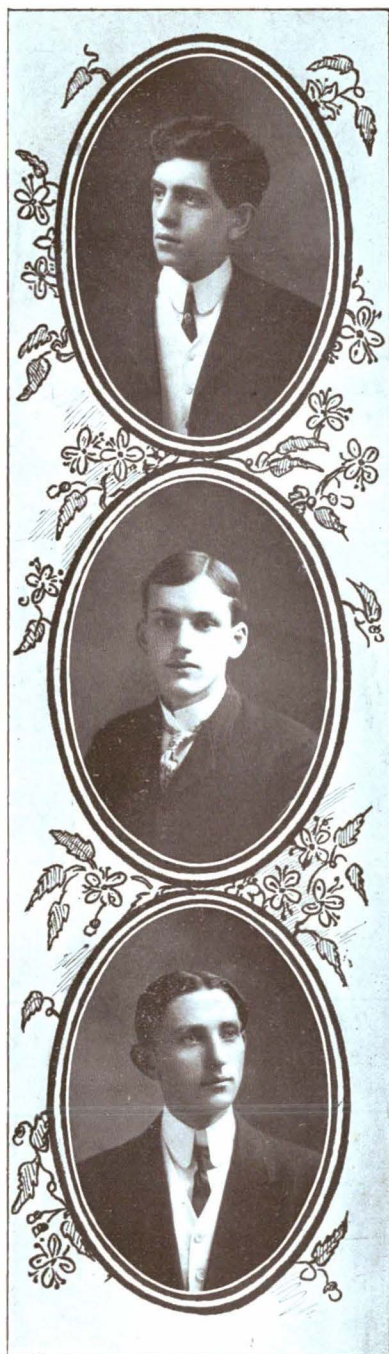
GEORGE ALVIN STRAUSS.

"Annheuser."

Member Bancroft Literary Association.

We all were moved when Georgie died  
And some were quite hysteric —  
To move his corpse in vain we tried,  
Until we used a derrick.





HAROLD HIRSCH STRAUS.

"Venus."

Board of Governors Athletic Association; Reserve Basketball Team; Class Basketball Team; Secretary Carrollton-Wight Literary Society, '01; Secretary Art Club; Charter Member Instrumental Club; Pianist Glee Club; in Contest Play, '02; College Representative for Baltimore News.

If basketball is played below,  
If running has a place,  
If they have arts, piano parts,  
Then Straus is in the race.

WALTER WINFRED TAFEL.

"Teufel."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.

Ye gods be praised, we're freed at last  
From Tafel's jokes and rot;  
For Tafel treads a land wherein  
They keep the jokers hot.

HARWELL WATERS THOMAS.

"Tommy."

Editor of "Rickety-Rex"; Secretary of Class; in cast Christmas Play; Manager Class Basketball Team, '02-'03-'04; Captain Reserve Basketball Team, '02-'03; Board of Governors Athletic Association, '02-'03-'04; Class Relay Team, '03; Captain Class Indoor Baseball Team, '01-'02; Football Team, '01-'02; Bancroft Literary Association; Stevites; College Correspondent for Baltimore Sun.

To talk and talk was his delight,  
And this he did both day and night;  
And yet the task was far too much  
When Tommy took to talking "Dutch."



HOMER ULRIC TODD.

"Toddles."

Member Athletic Association.

When you stand before the portals  
Of the land so warm to mortals,  
If a pretty boy you see  
Ten to one it's Homer T.

WILLIAM VAN LEUVAN.

"Van."

Bancroft Literary Association; Historical Society, '03.

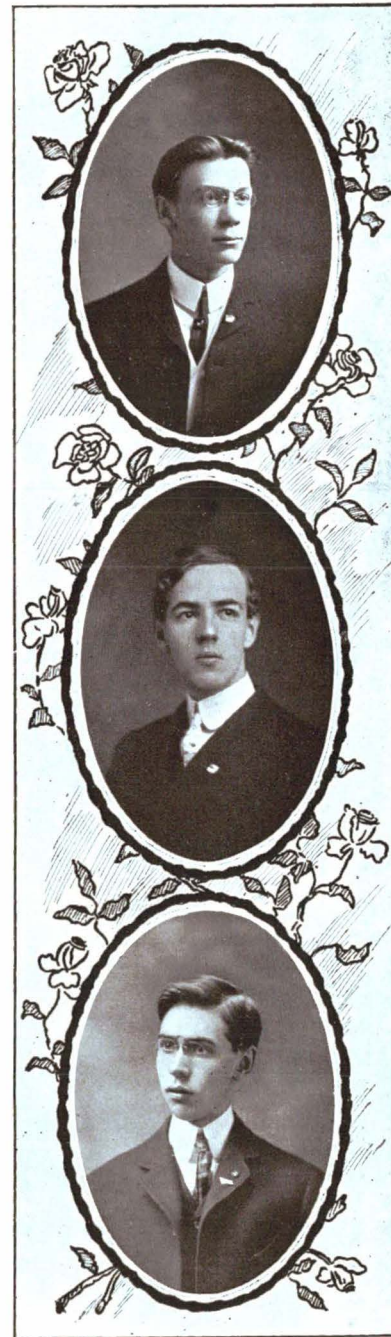
The chief asset of William  
Was an overpowering grin,  
Which saved him countless "zeros,"  
And took the people in.

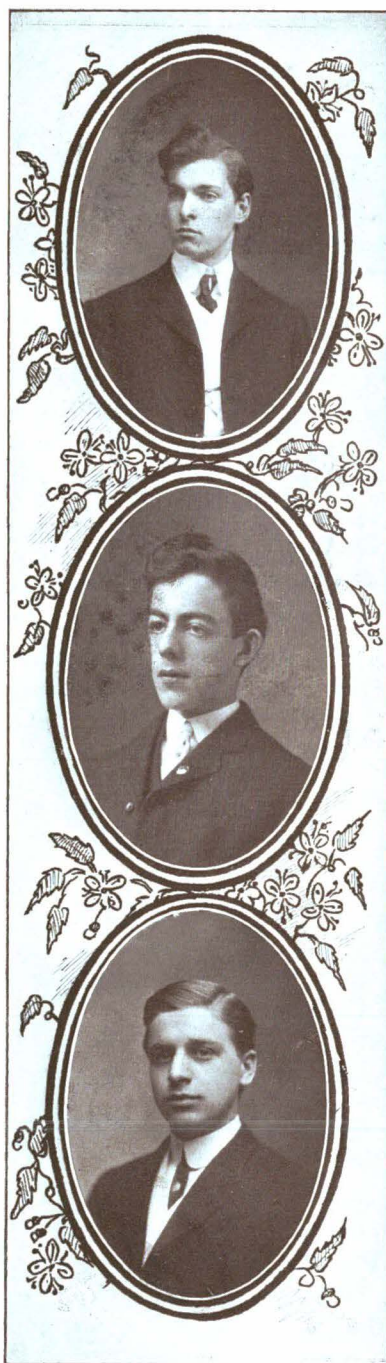
JOSEPH TODHUNTER WARE.

"Tessie."

Mascot of Class; Poet of Class, '02-'03; President and Vice-President  
Historical Society, '02-'03; Serial Entertainment Committee; Board of  
Curators Bancroft Literary Association.

Crowding thoughts come sweeping o'er us,  
As we ponder in despair,  
Wond'ring if our Joe's in Heaven—  
Echo only answers "Ware?"





JAMES BROWN WEBB.

"Spider."

Member Bancroft Literary Association.

He was his mother's jewel,  
A gem of priceless worth —  
We're sore afraid that he was made  
To ornament the earth.

CLARENCE EUGENE WHITE.

"Sportin' Life."

Member of Glee Club.

His name was White, his face was white,  
Yet often quite as black as night;  
In black and white this scrap we write  
In hopes the light has met his sight.

HOWARD CRUETT WILCOX.

"Chubby."

Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity; Athletic Association; Bancroft Literary Association.

It matters little where he's gone—  
Of course we mean to us on earth;  
For those by whom this prize is drawn  
Will surely get their money's worth.

CARROL MARRYOTT WRIGHT.

"Recht."

Treasurer Agassiz Association; Executive Committee Agassiz Association, '03; Athletic Association.

Wright by name and right by nature,  
Right in part and right in section;  
Therefore sent by glad election  
To the heavenly legislature.

EDWARD HARRISON WROE.

"Ned."

Holder Indoor High-jump Record; Relay Team; Class Indoor Baseball Team; Track Team; Athletic Association.

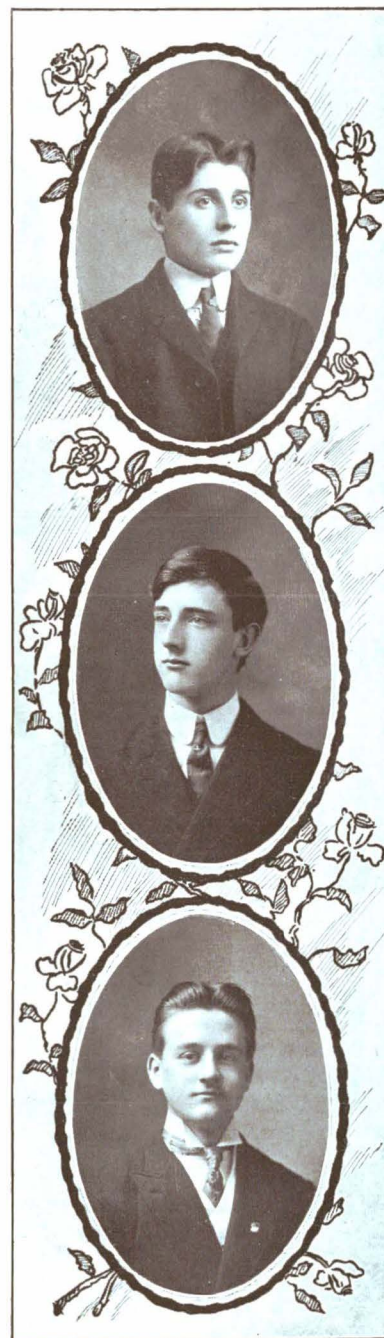
Upon his death attention draws,  
Suggestions of its cause are rife;  
The truth is that he died because  
He couldn't jump to save his life!

CHARLES YAEGER.

"Pickles."

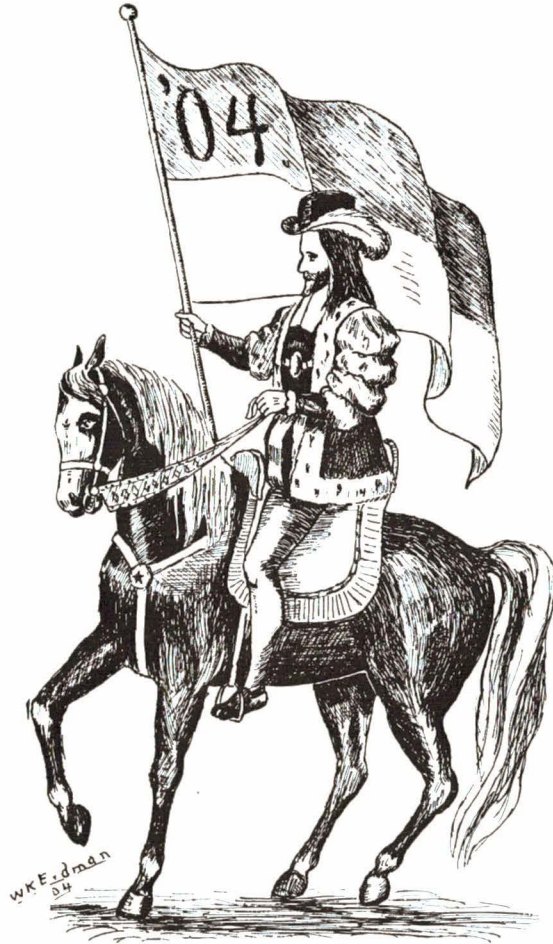
Member of Class of 1904.

He set at defiance  
All laws ever known,  
And, in interests of science,  
To atoms was blown.





## Our History.



fountain of knowledge, and now go forth to our several occupations—each haply to his Eve, for whom pain shall be pleasure, and toil, leisure.



WHEN the fullness of time nullifies the edict of "Faculty" by the exit of the graduate from college life, it is incumbent upon the Class-Historian to add his mite to the volume of imperishable literature, for, in the light of twentieth century ideas, history should be written only after the makers thereof have departed from the scene of action and returned to the dust heaps of the "silent city of the dead."

Now history is, to say the least, difficult subject matter. There is a constant danger of digression into more pleasant channels of thought than the mere statement of barren facts; there is ever present the temptation to recount those amusing incidents which are the part and parcel of college life. In a word, there is the appalling danger of violating the three great and fundamental principles underlying all English composition; namely, "Unity, Coherence and Emphasis." And so, fair and gentle reader (if, indeed, I am honored with such), if, by any mischance, I should seriously violate any or all of the aforesaid principles, I pray you, lay not the fault to the incompetency of our English instructor, but rather to the general perverseness of human nature.

Adam, the great progenitor of the human race, in the prime of manhood became possessed of an Eve. Free from care, he strolled by the sun-kissed waves, ate of the succulent fruit, drank of the sparkling water, and, at eventide, stretched his weary form beneath the spreading palm. But Adam, hearkening to the silvery voice of Eve, was lured to knowledge, forfeiting pleasure for pain, leisure for toil; yet, we, early progeny of a new college building possessed of imposing beauty and classic grandeur, we, the great parent of all future four-year classes, unlike our Father Adam, have long drunk at our generous

Looking backward from our four years' height of dignity and wisdom, we can fully appreciate the appropriateness of the word, "Freshmen." Veritable "Innocents Abroad" were we, when, on that memorable morning in September, 1900, we stood without the frowning portals of the "City College," anxiously awaiting, yet dreading admittance. Many, indeed, were the dismal forebodings that took possession of even the stoutest hearts among us. "Fresh" were we from the hallowed hands of the Grammar School; "fresh" to the horrors of gruesome college life and the vagaries of "Herr Professor", into whose awful presence we marched on our initial day, to the startling music of our own shuffling feet, and from whence, after listening to some well-meant counsel, we issued forth with the first symptoms of the dread malady "Soperitis."

Across the interval of time, how plainly we recall the first days of our college life! How distinctly are our early actions silhouetted against the dark back-ground of later events. Guileless and unsophisticated youths, as we were, with what awe—nay, almost veneration did we regard the dread Seniors, as, with books perched high on either shoulder, (external o'ershadowing internal knowledge) they stalked about disdaining so much as a glance at us,—as if they had been Sir Oracle saying, "When I ope' my mouth, let no dog bark."

Even at this early stage of our college existence, while we were yet embryo graduates, as it were, our affinity for chemistry was clearly manifested, for we soon became cognizant of the fact that, by the simple action of sulphuric acid ( $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4$ ) on iron sulphide ( $\text{FeS}$ ), a gas with a most deliciously penetrating odor is evolved, known to chemists as hydrogen sulphide ( $\text{H}_2\text{S}$ ).

But, hold! "let prudent thoughts the pages seal, 'lest truant memories' wake." Let us somewhat abridge the account of our experiences in our Freshman year, and hurry on to facts more important. Suffice it to say that, by the close of the year, we had become fully initiated into the mysteries of the time-honored "crib" and kindred devices for worrying our reverend preceptors.

Our Sophomore year witnessed the introduction of an entirely new system and curriculum. Henceforth, the student, instead of treading for five long and weary years the rough and stony path which leads ultimately to a piece of sheepskin, would attain the goal of his ambitions in four; and, as we were to be the pioneer four-year class I count it a fitting tribute to our merit that we should be selected to introduce the new system. There were thus formed two separate graduating classes, the first of the four-year and the last of the five-year classes, and, for reasons of distinction, they at once received the names of '04 Jr. and '04 Sr., respectively. Immediately, a friendly rivalry developed between them; but, whatever the contest, whether of brain or brawn, '04, Jr. has always borne the standard emblazoned "Par Excellence."

The new system, however, was based principally upon the fact that, for graduation, a student must obtain at least one hundred and fifty "credits." For the uninitiated, it might be explained that a "credit" is an indefinite, intangible, elusive, will-o'-the-wisp, always sought after, never found. Indeed, much conjecture and debate has been aroused as to the form, size and general appearance of a "credit". Some have even ventured so far as to say there is no such thing in existence. The number of credits received for each study is equal to the number of periods in which that study is taken per week, for prepared studies; unprepared studies net half the number of periods. While this system permits a student greater freedom and latitude in the choice of studies, there are certain subjects,



known as "constants," which everyone must successfully complete. And verily, they were a constant botheration to us. By day, as ghostly shadows, they dogged our footsteps, and, at night, they haunted us in our dreams. But in the face of all the difficulties attendant upon a new system we "girded our loins" for the struggle, and soon after our return in the fall, established a stronger bond of union and sympathy by electing class officers and adopting colors pins, and, finally a set of yells—compositions "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Now that we were "Sophs." we began to appreciate our important position in the college and immediately proceeded in the discharge of our duties with becoming dignity. Our first efforts were directed towards initiating innocent and guileless "Freshies" into the mysteries of college life; and in this important function we were engaged for no little time. So eager were we to welcome them that we almost "rushed" them to distraction. Then, acting in our capacity of guardians, we assumed complete control over them, and prompted solely by the worthy motives of brotherly love and kindness, endeavored, with but indifferent success, to "train them up in the way they should go," and to keep them in the "straight and narrow path," which, as a previous writer has happily said, "leads straightway unto righteousness and a Peabody prize."

Having fulfilled these obligations to the advantage of all concerned, we turned our attention to the social and athletic life of the college, and entered with such vigor and vim into everything connected therewith that our class colors at once went to the fore. In athletics, brilliant records were made. The field-day of this year netted twelve points, scored as follows: Bealmear, the cycle man, by a bit of fine sprinting, sparred the wind, winning "hands down," with Brockman second; Padgett ran second in the 440-yard dash, while in the inter-class relay race as well as in the running high-jump, we secured second place.

It was in our Junior year that our star of fame approached its zenith. Even as the rising sun "comes furrowing all the orient into gold," flushing deep heaven with its golden glow, and reflecting the brighter glory to follow, so the achievements of our class in the Junior year foreshone our final splendor.

In the Literary Societies our men have filled positions of honor and trust in a manner which reflects credit on themselves and on their class. In that year was instituted a series of monthly entertainments, given under the auspices of the Bancroft and Carrollton-Wight Literary Societies and the Instrumental Club. Members of our class took part in almost every "serial" thus presented. Perhaps the first great success in this line was scored by our "charming" friend and mascot, Joseph T. Ware. When, on that memorable occasion, Joe, in his soft and wooing voice rendered "Tessie at the Bargain-Counter," with all the pathos which he alone is capable of putting into a recitation of such character,—when he recounted to his audience the trials and tribulations of the modern working-girl, so enamored became they of his word pictures that, some moments elapsed between the "finale" and their disillusion. Of a truth, the selection was so much in accord with "Joe's" personality that one cannot help wondering whether it was not written expressly for him. Nor was this the only sketch in which "Joe" made a decided hit: he rendered the role of an extremely effeminate "dude" in a manner so true to nature that, at the close of the play, he was presented with a handsome bunch of "carrots." However, "Joe" should not be given the palm without due consideration of others, for in a class like ours, dramatic talent is by no means lacking. Roycroft, for instance, in the role of a star-gazing, inspiration-seeking poet and as a meek and lowly divine, and Glen, as an impatient and irascible old gentleman, have acquitted themselves as only men of Naughty-Four-Junior can.



But it was probably through athletics that our class attained its superiority in the affairs of the school. Our basket-ball-team was awarded the inter-class championship, while the representative hockey-team, composed principally of members of our class, may justly claim to be the interscholastic champions of the state. But, eclipsing these achievements, came those of Cole and Padgett, who, at the field-day of this year, broke the state record for the 880 and the college record for the 440 yard dashes, respectively.

Let it not be thought, however, that all our efforts were directed toward the art of acting or the pursuit of athletics. In the capacity of students we were constantly witnesses of many amusing incidents, so common to college life. Let me recount only one of the many.

One bright and sunny afternoon we were comfortably seated in the Doctor's lecture-room, during the period directly following recess, endeavoring, with more or less trouble, to digest the proverbial lunch-counter rolls and buns, and enjoying in the meantime the company of such charming and accomplished young ladies as Miss Ann Hydride, Miss Sal Ammoniac and Miss Ethyl Nitrate, or trying to amuse ourselves by treating copper (Cu) with nitric acid ( $\text{HNO}_3$ ), ostensibly for the evolution of certain "poisonous and nauseous" brown fumes known to chemists as nitrous oxide ( $\text{NO}_2$ ). Silver was the subject under discussion, and explanation was in progress as to the action of light on certain salts of silver and the use made thereof in photography. During the process of explanation the Doctor said, "You cannot take a picture in the dark, can you?" "Oh, yes, sir!" came the triumphant answer from the back of the room—"by flashlight!" Naturally we were much affected. So also was the Doctor, but, strange to say, in a somewhat different manner. Indeed, a mighty change came over him: the bosom of the venerable gentleman heaved while his eyes were full to overflowing. Looking pityingly at the source of the unexpected answer, he said, "My boy, it's a pity you have never studied physics!"

The Doctor is somewhat of a joker himself. Indeed, I count it not the least among our qualities to know when to laugh at the Doctor's wit. For example, one day, being in a communicative mood he said: "Boys, the other night I was cozily seated before a comfortable fire 'at the club,' talking to Dr. Remsen,—the man who wrote the organic chemistry that 'reads like a novel.' Well, during the conversation the old proverb 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' was quoted. 'Yes,' said I, 'and I have found that a hair on the head is worth two in the brush.' "

In addition to the foregoing accomplishments, our class has exhibited decided musical propensities. Most clearly was this evinced at the Christmas entertainment of the class of 1903. On that occasion the musical number was rendered between the acts of the play, amid various deafening and wholly unmusical yells, which, it is needless to say, hardly coincided with the distinctly classic nature of the song; yet, those who heard it pronounced it a "howling" success. The song is a French production beginning with the cheerful words—

Sans souci, et toujours gai

from which it soars to the awe-inspiring heights of

De l'an mille neuf cent quatre, c'est-dit.

As to the harmony, your historian has never been able to classify it either with the productions of Wagner, Bizet and like geniuses, or with the modern "rag-times". Not only are we musical in chorus, but we also have

among us some rare individual talent; for instance, the "original bassos" of White and "Meade" and "Walter H." When their usually calm and matter-of-fact souls become so thrilled with the "poetry of music as to give expression to their feelings through their vocal powers, a sound results, the like of which startled nature finds no reproduction.

Again Father Time with his relentless finger told off another September, and again we assembled, this time for our last campaign. With what mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and pain did we greet one another! Pleasure, because once again we grasped the hands of tried and trusted friends; pain, because, in a few short months, we were to separate again—perhaps to meet no more forever. Who knows? And now we were fairly within sight of the goal. Well and strongly had we run our course, and now nothing but the home-stretch lay before us. At last we had attained the long desired position of "graduates." Hence, we realized that upon us the duty of maintaining the dignity and good name of the college necessarily devolved, and to that end our best and noblest impulses were directed. With our accustomed diligence, we at once assumed the reins of direction in all matters connected with the college. As President of the Athletic Association our Padgett blazes the way, while we count among our number the managers of both the baseball and football teams. Indeed, it was principally through the playing of the men of our class that the college football team won the Interscholastic Championship, and incidentally secured for each man the much prized "B". Among other athletic achievements our in-door-base-ball team, by a series of brilliantly played games, defeated every class in the school.

For ability to grasp opportunities and improve situations, our class stands unparalleled. In every respect we are an up-to-date, twentieth century class. Just one incident in proof of this statement.

It was on the occasion of a serial entertainment, and we, believing devoutly that "advertising is the life of trade," devised an excellent scheme with which to make known to an interested public the fact that there was to be given a glorious Christmas play under the auspices of the Class of '04, Jr. For our advertising purposes, we constructed a light-box, also known as a transparency. This was simply a box composed of white cheese-cloth with the announcement of the play printed thereon in startling black letters. To make the announcement more conspicuous, we placed within the light-box (transparency) a number of candles. To secure better display, the whole was mounted on a pole. While the audience was assembling, we hired a "coon" to parade it up and down the street in front of the school building. Now, if there is anything very heinous in this, I fail to perceive it, and yet, strange to relate, the makers of the aforesaid light-box (transparency) were summoned before the authorities and charged with "creating a most precarious situation," "for"—so ran the indictment—"had any class endeavored to destroy the transparency, a riot would have ensued." How, let me ask, can a "coon" and a light-box create such a situation? Furthermore, one of us was charged with "lending aid and comfort to the transparency by his presence." Now it is entirely beyond my comprehension to see how any one, merely by his presence, can give aid and comfort to a bit of wood and cheese-cloth, or even to a "coon"!

And lo, it came to pass in the natural order of things that the Christmas entertainment took place. But as I approach this subject I pause. Who could adequately describe all the glories of its success? Surely not the feeble pen of the humble Historian. In another part of this book an abler and fairer pen than mine will recount something of its glories. And yet, how I should like to dwell on it if only for a moment! How I should like to tell with



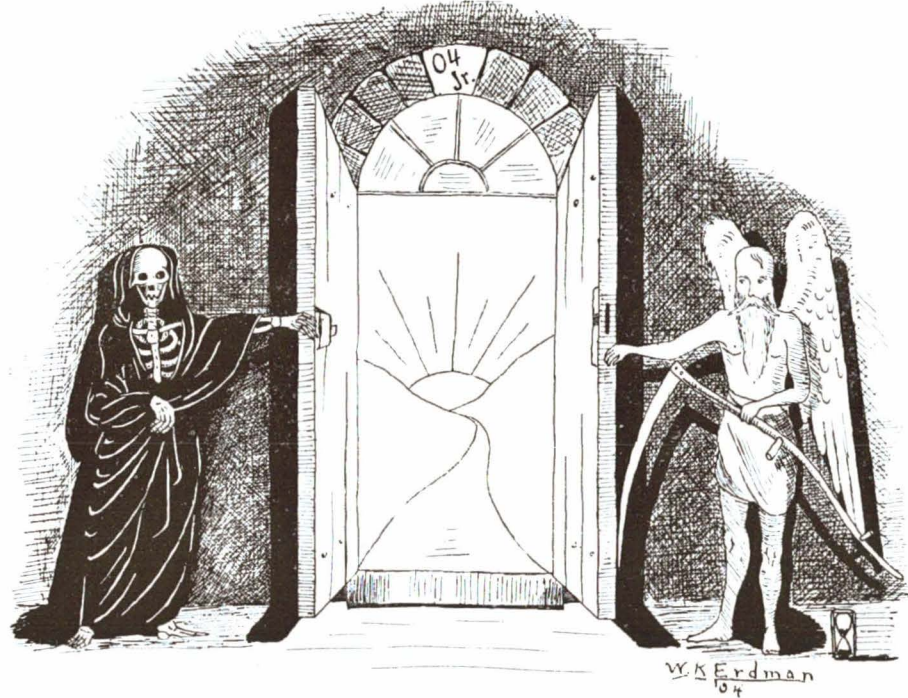
what degree of excellence everyone acted his part; of the difficulties of two officers to retain their war-like moustaches; of the troubles a certain strong-willed and domineering lady had with her husband; of the trials of a meek and lowly curate in the winning of his lady-love! But, as this is strictly a history (?) a few statistics will have to suffice. In the first place, we reaped a golden harvest—larger than any class heretofore; in the second place, there was an unusually large crowd present; and, finally, we take great pleasure in naming as honorary members of our class, four of the prettiest and most charming young ladies of a city far-famed for its beautiful women.

But Christmas has passed into the great yesterday. Old earth has broken through the icy throes of winter, and the scanty, yet beautiful garment of a new-born spring is developing into the luxuriant robe of summer. At last the goal has been attained! The survivors have crossed the finish line, and stand ready to receive the rewards of merit.

In a few days the Class of 1904, Jr., will be no more. Truly, as we think of these things, there comes over us a strange feeling of sorrow, not unmingled with joy. For we stand upon the threshold of the great, unknown future, and, with all the eagerness of youth, are ready and anxious to learn what that future will reveal. We are on the eve of a commencement, and to us it conveys its literal meaning. It is the “commencement” of a new life of broader views, and a wider horizon. The time has come for us to leave the kindly and beneficent walls of our Alma Mater to engage in our life's occupation. Who can foretell, with any degree of certainty, what the fates may have in store for us! But in whatever station of life we may be placed, whether we attain the very pinnacle of success, or whether we fulfill our duties in an humble position, ever fresh and verdant in our memories will live the remembrance of our class, the glorious Junior Class of 1904.







## The Prophecy.



Whether the great and immortal Elijah of this country — the celestial Dowie — owes his exhaustive stock of prophetic hallucinations to early imbibitions of college cocoa I am not prepared to say ; but upon one occasion the writer himself took an imprudently large dose of it, and was soon afterward visited by the following strangely prophetic illusion :



HAVING been absent many years from Baltimore, and anxious to acquaint myself with points of local interest, I picked up a newspaper one day in the fall of 1937. "THE HOBO GAZETTE," the paper was reading, while comparatively new to the public, was of exceeding interest to me, for at the end of a weighty editorial stood the cognomen of its chief editor, James G. Phillips, Esq. The editorial was truly worthy of my old class-mate's pen. Strong in its persuasive powers, and adhering strictly to the rules of Unity, Mass and Coherence, the article set forth the urgent need of an elevator at the Baltimore City College. The major premise stated, that, while the old janitor, Mr. Hennick, had been replaced by one equally heavy, Mr. Knipp, nevertheless with the great Fritz Rolker Copper Coated Cable, the editor believed that the elevator could be installed at no risk whatever.

Thoroughly impressed by the weight of the article, I left my hotel and started to take in the town. Walking along Baltimore St., I noticed large groups of men congregated about several of the corners. I approached a seedy-looking policeman and asked the meaning of it. Imagine my surprise, when, through a mass of tangled hirsute, I recognized in the policeman our old sergeant-at-arms, George Benson. After a clinch he explained to me that the municipal elections were to be held the next week, and the groups I saw at the corner were listening to the many candidates.

"For instance," said George, parting reluctantly with his quid, "that there bunch is listening to Billy Doyle. You remember Doyle of our class. Well, he's representing the Irish Democratic League as candidate for street-cleaning commissioner."

"And to whom is that crowd of coons listening?" I asked, pointing to another corner.

"Oh," said Benson, "Glen is spieling over there; he's the Republican candidate for the same job."

"But you haven't told me how you got on the force," I remarked.

"Well, you see, at the last election, old man Webb got on the Police Board, and he gave me the job."

"Good luck old man," I said, and walked on, stopping for a momont to hear the mellow voice of Doyle, as with the many gestures he had learned in the Bancroft, my old colleague represented his claims to the office he desired.

"You can scarce imagine, my friends," he thundered, "how many millions, aye, billions of smallpox germs exist in the dirt on your streets; and to get rid of them, a better street commissioner is needed. Put me in that office and I will show you that the Shamrock is still the emblem of cleanliness."

Crushed beneath his mighty arguments, I beat a hasty retreat, and almost ran into a creation of kilts and bare legs that stood on the curb. I followed the lines of the kilted figure and at last reached the healthy complexion of Walter Huff. Thoroughly taken back, I pointed to his costume.

"What in the thunder is the reason for this rainy-day cut?" I managed to ask.

"I belong to the Kilties Band," said our former president, calmly. "Got the stunt of drum-major. You seem surprised." I was.

"By the way, I met Tommy just about a minute ago," added Huff. "He's made quite a name for himself. His grin is used now on all the Quaker Oats signs."

Just then he made a grab at something, and from under the wheels of a passing carriage dragged forth our former Gold Dust twins, Sackerman and Silberman. "It was all on account of our hurry in getting to the teachers' meeting," said Silberman, when he had recovered his breath.

"Teacher's meeting—What the dickens!" Huff and I gasped.

"Yes," said Sackerman haughtily, "of recent years, the students of the City College have gotten so small, that for the sake of harmony, the Board decided to get smaller professors. Silberman and myself were out of jobs, so I got Mr. Sweany's place, and Silberman on account of his capacity for hot air, got the English department. But we must hurry," he concluded abruptly. And grasping either of Huff's hands, they hurried off.

Jumping on a passing car, and paying my nickel to the conductor, who resembled exceedingly our old friend Dodson, I rode up town, determining to visit Ware, whose address I had ascertained from the directory at my hotel. I had not far to walk on getting off the car, and before many minutes I was at his home. The door was opened by Todhunter himself. He seemed very glad to see me, and introduced me to his wife, and Todhunter Jr., a squalling bratt who resembled in every way the classic features of his sire.

"Are you practising medicine as you intended?" I asked him, when I had seated myself.

"No," said Joe, taking the offspring's foot out of his ear. "Acceding to the demands of a wayward multitude, I turned my soul to churchly paths, and am now pastor of a little church not far from here. By the way, I want you to go there with me this evening; Mrs. Ware and myself intend getting up an innocent show to raise money for sending bath-towels and bibles to the heathen Nyamwezis, and I have asked the Thespianic lights of my congregation to meet me at the church to-night."

I consented to go, and as soon as supper was finished and his Reverence had said a lengthy grace (out of all proportion to the size of the meal) we adjourned to the church.

Among those who were there I was more than delighted to see Roycroft, Bealmear, Kirkman and Fluharty.



Bird, also, was there, but only as stage-manager. After the divine had made a lengthy address commending the interest in the cause, those who had fallen asleep were aroused, and plans were discussed. But from the start I saw there would be trouble. Each had his or her particular idea of what should be presented, and to demonstrate their ideas more forcibly, they all began an impromptu rehearsal.

Bill Roycroft, in a long black pair of hose, strutted about the Sunday-School chancel muttering, "To be or not to be."

Bealmear thought it ought not, and after blackening his face, began a clog-dance; while Kirkman, with the poker girded about him as a sword, proceeded, as Romeo, to make violent love to a red-nosed choir-singer.

To make matters worse, Fluharty, attired like Creatore, began Tannhauser's "Mary Had A Little Lamb," on a worn-out violin.

Bird was muttering, in monosyllabics, things which the heathen would hardly find in their bibles.

In desperation, it was finally decided to appoint a committee to decide on some definite plan, and the meeting was adjourned.

I asked Ware, afterwards, what our friends were doing for life.

"Well, Bill and Kirkman, up to the past year, have been on the stage, but they left it for obvious reasons, and are now settled down to married life."

Bill Roycroft married! I could imagine Kirkman in harness—but Bill as father to a line of little Bills—Never! That at least explained where he got his supply of hosiery.

"Fluharty," Ware continued, "is organist at my church, and Cleve is Junior Warden." Another surprise! These old sinners converted from the evil of their ways!

We walked on a little way, when Ware exclaimed,

"Would you like to see Brother Maas?"

"Yes, verily," I assented.

We took a car and got off at a dingy little side street. Walking up to a ramshackle building, we entered without knocking. The interior was equipped like a laboratory, at the farther end of which we saw a little dried-up individual with a glass window at each eye, busily engaged with a retort. This was Maas, now a wrinkled piece of antiquated flesh. He did not seem to be aware of our presence until we addressed him.

"Hello," he said with a nod, "glad to see you—can't stop—analyzing this stuff—sample of the Raymond Freas Fragrant Foot-Fluid—some sort of corn cure—testing for quinine."

Just then old man Rouse came, dressed in an apron.

"My assistant," said Maas, indicating him.

We left them to their folly and went out into the street.

"By the way, Joe," I asked, "What's become of Adams?"

"He's in the ministry, too," Joe answered,—"has a charge out west. He also made quite a mark in the literary world by the publication of a book of German poems."

"Quite natural," said I, remembering a few of his Dutch odes to a certain member of the other sex.

"Where is Richardson?" I quizzed.

"Ford is still in town; after a long while, he at last came to the conclusion that he could not revolutionize athletics, and, when his uncle died, he took charge of the theatre. If you want to see him, his address is 419 B St. I must leave you now to put the baby to sleep."

He left me and I went on to see Richardson in hopes of getting a pass. I found him at home and got the pass.

"The show is the Great Sinskey and Hans Minstrel Troupe," said Ford; "you will see a lot of the old fellows in the show."

The pass was for the next night, so having nothing else to do, I returned to my hotel. The night clerk had come on, and proved to be no other than Howard Wilcox.

"I thought you were going to keep a dancing academy," I ventured.

"So I did for a while," said Willie, "but it was a failure."

Just then the porter, a big brawny man, stopped at the desk. Beneath a soiled exterior I recognized the features of Pumphrey.

"Hello," sezzi.

"Hello," sezze.

"What are you doing?" sezzi.

"Running a sort of truck farm," sezze.

We talked a few minutes of old times, alluding especially to his monkey-like ability for climbing ropes.

"A good many of the boys are representing the city," he said, digressing. "The Baltimore Baseball team, for example, is composed almost entirely of the old class team. Bartlett plays first base; Eichelberger stands at the second pillow; and King holds down third. Old Smeltzer bluffs at catch, while Ned Wroe kicks the grass in right field. It's a great team—Goldman manages it, and I often get passes to the game."

Saying good-night, I retired to my room and to bed. The next morning I bought another copy of the "Hobo Gazette," and sat down to read it before breakfast. At the head of the paper was a very clever political cartoon, which pictured Willie Glen dining with Wooker T. Bashington's son. It was drawn by a certain Erdman. Whether this was the same Angelo of our class, I am not prepared to say, but the work certainly resembled his

eccentric strokes. In the column under amusements stood the glaring announcement of a coming concert at the Peabody, the chief renditions being a piano solo by the celebrated Harold H. Straus, H. A. (hot air), and a vocal trio by the three Weird Sisters, Cook, Padgett, and Fleischmann!

I put down the paper, ate my breakfast, and sauntered out. The only class-mate I met, however, was Herb Forrester, who assured me that he was doing splendidly in law. I asked him where he had gotten his inspiration. He smiled.

"Little did you fellows think," he said, "that when I used to put my intelligent questions to Prof. Norris, I was only seeking practice for my present vocation."

I confess that I did not see how this could have trained him, but then his arguments were always hard to follow.

"Did you study at Hopkins?"

"Yes," he answered, "and that reminds me; Tafel is over there now teaching Philosophy and Latin. Mackall is teaching French, and Van Leuven occupies the chair of Psychology."

My astonishment was evident.

"And why not?" asked H. F., getting his back up for one of his old-time ambiguous arguments. They always seemed to study well at the College."

"Yes," I admitted; "they were always good at seeming."

He then commenced a vociferous rebuttal, calling impartially upon the testimonies of Cicero, Webster, and Lydia Pinkham—but I kicked dust.

Returning to my hotel and newspaper, I soon found other items of interest. The first was an account of The Amalgamated Order or Impeccable Stoics. The article contained an extract from one of the speeches, in which the Grand Master, Hugh Branham, reviled soap and water as iniquities not to be tolerated.

This was followed by reports of the two Silent Secretaries, Journey and Saulsbury, and of the treasurer Steindler. The next article was a response by the president of the City College to the editorial of the previous day regarding the installation of an elevator at the college. And who should the president be but Carlo Pietsch. Sackerman had neglected, in his hurry, to tell me of Pietsch's elevation. It was certainly news to me, but on second thought, I could readily see how he got the position. Carl was always more or less childish in his ways, and, since the students of the college now came to their recitations in go-carts, it was necessary to have a president thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of condensed milk.

A little before eight that night, taking my pass, I strolled down to Ford's. The gate-keeper, after looking at my pass and then at me, exclaimed, "By all my Scotch ancestors, it's Crine Ruber."

"The same," said I, as I squeezed his fist; for in this Cerberus, I recognized Danny Elliott. After he had wept on



my shoulder for the required period of time, he called two of the ushers, Hawkins and Hunter, and in great state I was shown to my seat in the peanut gallery.

The curtain rose upon a brilliant spectacle. Dressed in gaudy costumes, the minstrels, in keys ranging from A to Z, rendered "Bring Back My Pie to Me." The rendition was so full of pathos, and recalled so vividly the days at the City College, that I could not resist the temptation to weep. The next number was a bass solo by Clarence White, entitled "Asleep in the Deep." His voice seemed to come from depths where only nightmares were possible. When the applause had subsided and the eggs had been swept up, Sinskey and Hans, as interlocutors, attempted to get off some jokes with the end men, Karl and Kraus, but the jokes were so flat that the audience sought in vain for the points.

When the four had subsided, a quartette was started by Messrs. Franklin, Fears, Hills, and Kemp. Eggs were again in order, and these malefactors retired. After a few more stunts, the principal number was called for. This was to have been a combined skirt-dance and hoochie-koochie by John Page Cole. But in eating a Sweitzer-cheese sandwich that afternoon, the celebrated performer had choked over the holes; so the number was struck off the programme, and the song entitled "Mother's Teeth Will Soon Fit Baby" was rendered by Hack instead.

The burst of applause was succeeded by an air of expectancy, for the following act was to be a part of "Julius Caesar" by the more gifted talent of the company. The management announced under the synopsis of the numbers, that as the stars had disagreed as to which act of the Shakespearian tragedy should be given, they had compromised on a brief summary of all five acts.

Amid a roar, which resembled the enthusiastic murmurs of a herd of unsophisticated lions, the curtain rose upon the excitable Roman mob. The Ancients were evidently in the habit of filling up on whiskey and crackers before celebrating holidays like the Lupercal, for this mob sounded like Ireland on St. Patrick's day. The stage manager had hired them to yell, and he certainly got his money's worth. One fellow, especially, with all the audacity of a full-fledged supe, was sounding chords about as loud and as harmonious as a dyspeptic kettle-drum. This was Carroll Wright. Beside him stood, or rather tiptoed, Charles Yaeger, another representative of lower Roman culture, who yelled most strenuously in the key of F, invariably missing B flat in the scale.

Other familiar faces in the mob soon made themselves evident through the soiled covering of paint. Brown, Daly, Christhlf, Nicol, Diver and Hihn were there as well as Parelhoff, Harding, Reiter and Rhodes, and all, as aforesaid, honestly earning their hire.

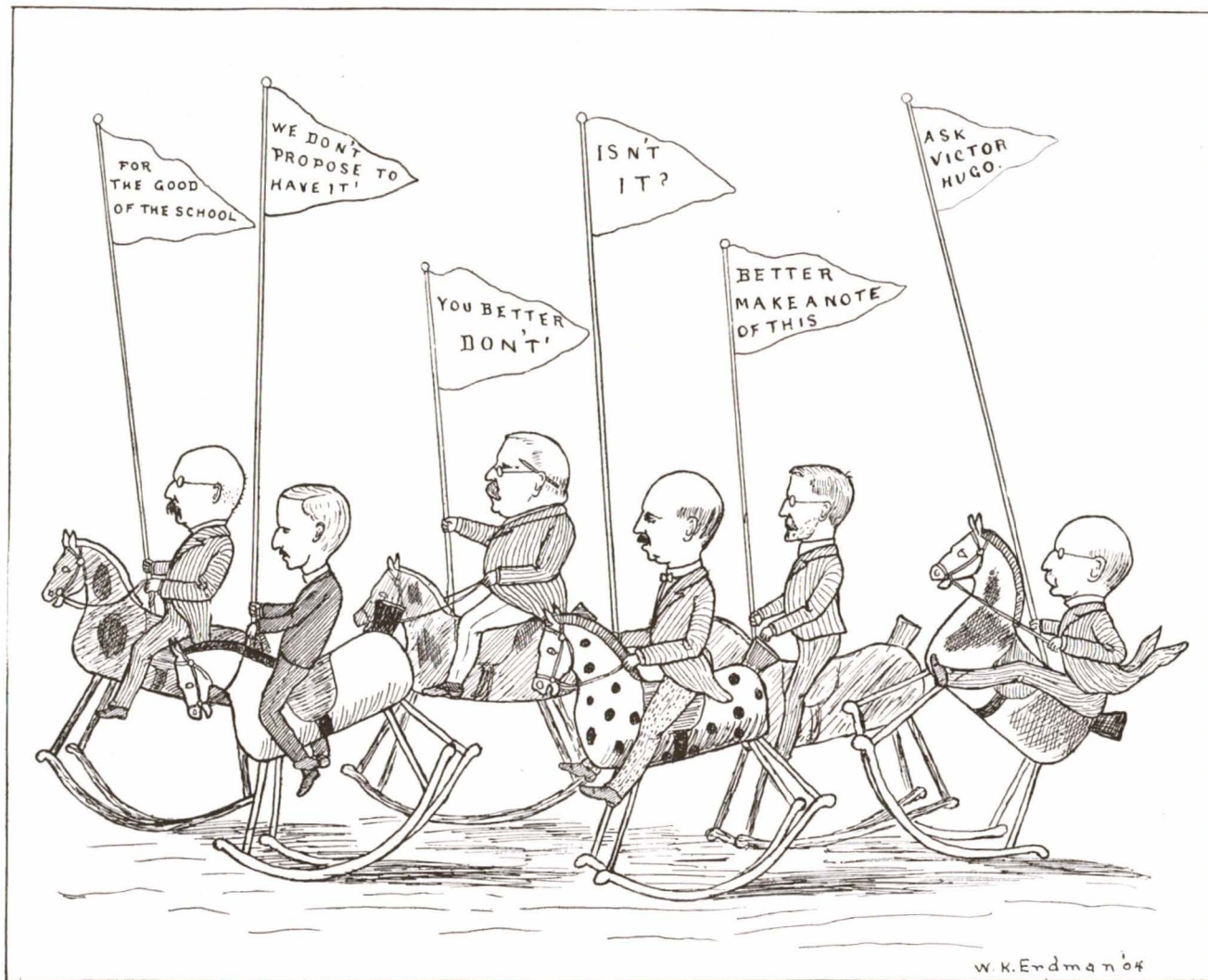
Finally the cause of all this racket squeezed through the wings. Most naturally it proved to be Guy Reese. In a sadly colored nightgown, for a toga, as Mark Antony, he was striving to impress Miles, as Brutus, that the latter was an honorable man. But Brutus, who seemed very well acquainted with himself, switched about his abbreviated

skirts, and turning up his Roman nose, called Tony a naughty prevaricator. To lower the high nervous tension, to which the audience was raised by this climax, Cinna (Todd) slid in from the wings and began to call lustily for the Ides of March, but these had caught in the shifts, and, as a substitute, Caesar's ghost—who was no other than Reinhardt's sallow complexion, doctored up—tripped lightly to the footlights. The dramatic purpose of this was apparently to clear the stage, for the mob melted away like hot butter; while Cinna, with a double flip-flop, disappeared behind a statue of Pompey the Great. Antony suddenly remembered that Mrs. Mark had sent him for some candles, and hurriedly excused himself. Brutus did the double-shuffle, as he backed off towards the Forum.

The audience by this time was in a highly excitable condition, and ready for anything. Imagine, then, the panic, when Rev. Murray entered the royal box, and someone yelled "Fire!" I vaguely remember my head being shoved down the bass-horn, and when I regained consciousness, I found myself in the hospital with a piece of table-cloth wrapped about my aching cranium. A nurse, seeing me open my eyes, called the doctor, a squatty man, who appeared to my muddled intellect extremely like George Strauss. He redressed my head, and consented to my reading the morning's paper.

The first page contained a detailed account of the panic, and gave a list of the injured, among whom I saw the name of A. L. Franklin, who had swallowed a new set of teeth, after having brought them in contact with the heel of Mr. Cherry, pawnbroker. Mr. Nelson, barkeeper, while heroically trying to quell the panic by putting his coat over Rev. Murray's head, was severely burned. Mr. Schulte, funeral director, under the pressing heels of a very stout lady, had received the greater part of his collar button in his thorax. The saddest case mentioned was that of Mr. Pleet, coal dealer, who, after sliding down three flights of stairs from the pit, had his renowned complexion considerably modified. All the cases, however, bade fair to recover, and I laid aside the paper.

In a week I was out of the hospital, and started home, well satisfied with what I had seen and heard of my classmates. I had always felt confident that our class would shine out to the end as a brilliant star, but that it should turn out a constellation was beyond my fondest hopes.





# The Class of 1905.



Colors:—Black and Gold.  
Motto: Simus quam videamur.

## YELL.

Siss-s-s-s, Boom-m-m-m, Bah-h-h-h,  
City College, City College, Nineteen-Five.

## OFFICERS.

J. Eugene Chaney	President.
S. F. Norwood	Vice-President.
J. Philip Wenchel	Secretary.
Z. Bond Evans, Jr.	Treasurer.
Ralph C. Barker	Serg't-at-Arms.



HAT the glorious deeds of the Class of 1905 may be known throughout the world, some of the most important are here recorded.

This Class exhibited, from the start, that indomitable spirit which has characterized its actions ever since. Soon after its advent into college life, the Class became a well organized body. And what brought about this state of affairs, so unusual in a Freshman class. The answer comes readily enough; this class contained the requisite of every well organized body—good leaders; and when the leader was chosen and the others “fell into line,” we feared no man, no men, no class. I say “men” because there really are some men at the City College calculated to frighten a less fearless body than our class.

“Naughty-Five” likewise stands high in the field of athletics. Mile runners, lacrosse players, basket-ball and indoor baseball players, in fact, athletes of every description can be found in the ranks of this class. During its first year, a lacrosse team which did some good work, was organized, mainly through the efforts of this class; their relay team came in first on that year’s field day; one of its members

won the mile run, and another the high jump. Was not this good work?

Any one who visits the meetings of the several associations of the school, will readily perceive what a large number of '05 men are members of these societies. At the present time several of our classmen hold offices in Literary Societies, while others have gained some prominence in declamation, debate and oratory.

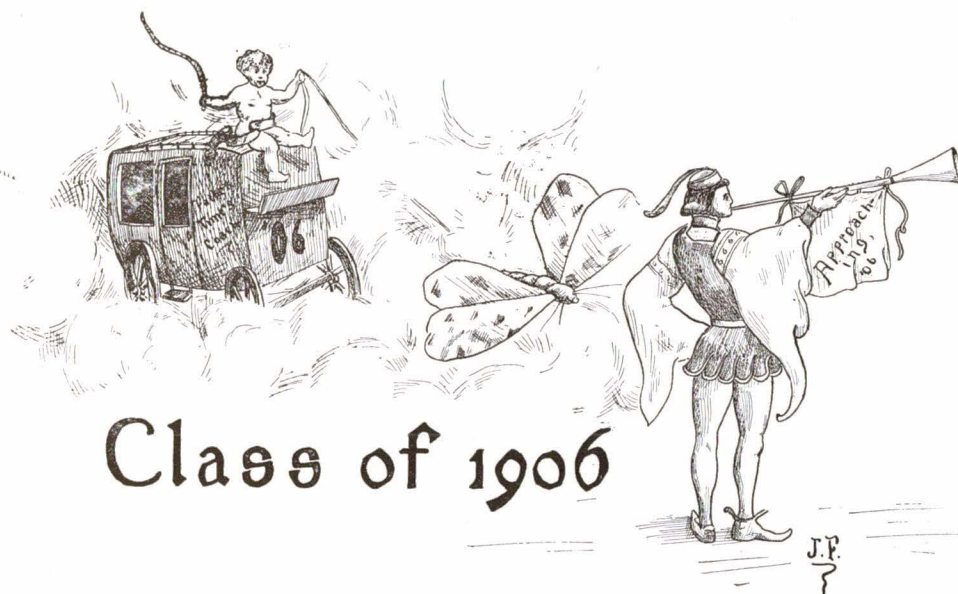
It is true, we have gained some notoriety for deeds, that in the eyes of the outside world, are not so glorious as our achievements along other lines. Of course I refer to the class rush with its consequences, so vividly portrayed in the local papers by some of our correspondents. Someone has said, "boys will be boys, and being boys will naturally commit some extraordinary indiscretion," and as our class is made up of boys, large and small, we did the extraordinary, created a sensation, were promptly censured for it, and resolved to mend our ways, which resolution was not broken for a week.

Sad to relate, we have been a source of much worry to the faculty. It is hard for a boy to stop running, because he might fall and break a limb, or that most precious member, his head. The professors of our school take great interest in the welfare of the students under them, and do all in their power to keep them from getting indigestion by unnecessary yelling at the lunch counter, from putting each others eyes out by throwing paper balls and other missiles, from breaking their bones by rushing around the yard, and in many other ways. To this fact alone, the class owes its existence; for in our endeavor to emulate the "strenuous life" of Mr. Roosevelt, we torment our principal with the fear that "some of us may, some day, be seriously hurt."

Thus far we have had a happy existence if we except the death of the much lamented Arthur Walsh. We rank high in oratory and debate in all of the societies; we are well organized; everything tends to make our school life pleasant. Now we are preparing for the time when we will be a graduating class, a time that is not so far off. Not a great many boys really enjoy studying; but many of us look forward to graduation day with many misgivings. And why? Because it will break up a class of boys who are as brothers. But still we live in the present, and enjoy our school days as much as possible. We grow stronger in mind and body, and prepare ourselves either for higher education or to go out to meet the world.

HISTORIAN.





# Class of 1906

Colors: Maroon and Gold.

Motto: Il ne suffit pas d'acquérir la sagesse; il faut en user.

YELL.

Ho ro rix! Ho ro rix!

Sophomores! Sophomores! Nineteen-Six!

## OFFICERS.

Charles P. Davis	President.
Henry L. Arnett	Vice-President.
Norman T. Nelson	Secretary.
Henry W. Franz	Treasurer.
J. Paxton Simmons	Historian.
Guy N. Stock	Sergeant-at-Arms.





THE event was a memorable one to us of the Class of '06, when, on a certain day in September, 1902, we entered within the precincts of these revered walls of learning and gave ourselves unreservedly over to the kindly officers of our beloved faculty. It marked the beginning of a new epoch in our school life. The grammar school course had been completed with honor, in most cases, and we were ready and eager to embark upon the sea of learning as set forth in the curriculum of our school.

It was after it had been made manifest to us that we didn't "know quite all," that we got down seriously to work and began freely to draw from that ever-flowing fount of knowledge, our faculty. Such was the potency of these draughts, that for a time it seemed that there would be little chance for the staid citizens of good old Baltimore town. But as time passed and we became more and more inured to the effects of the inebriating draughts, the prospect for those who were not of our class brightened, and things went on as before.

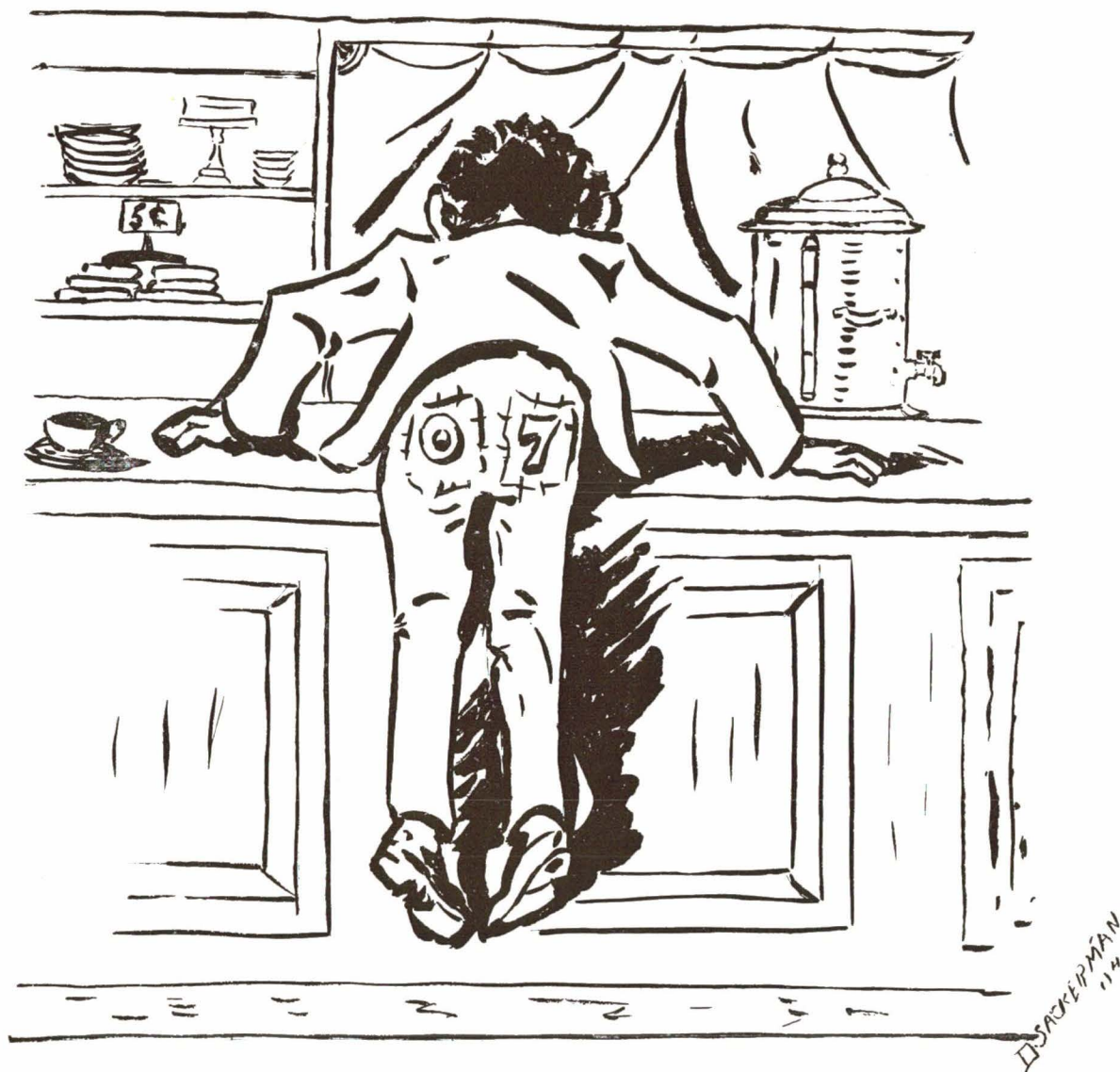
By continued administration, knowledge soon became in a less and less degree an intoxicant to our youthful minds, and we then turned our attention to class organization. Officers were elected, and organization was thought to have been well effected. However, for some reason or other, nothing was done, and class organization was given up for the year. Nevertheless, our attention having been turned toward the various societies of our school, we began to take considerable interest and a good part in all of them. In every branch of the school work was the class of "naughty-six" conspicuous; and the year closed with a pretty creditable showing for our class.

Somewhat thinned in numbers, we returned next autumn, eager and ready for the strife. Officers were soon elected and our body politic well organized. In all the societies our men are taking a lead, and many of them hold offices of honor and trust. In athletics we have done especially well; three of our victorious football team were of our class; and, was it not one of our men who won the broad-jump at the municipal games?

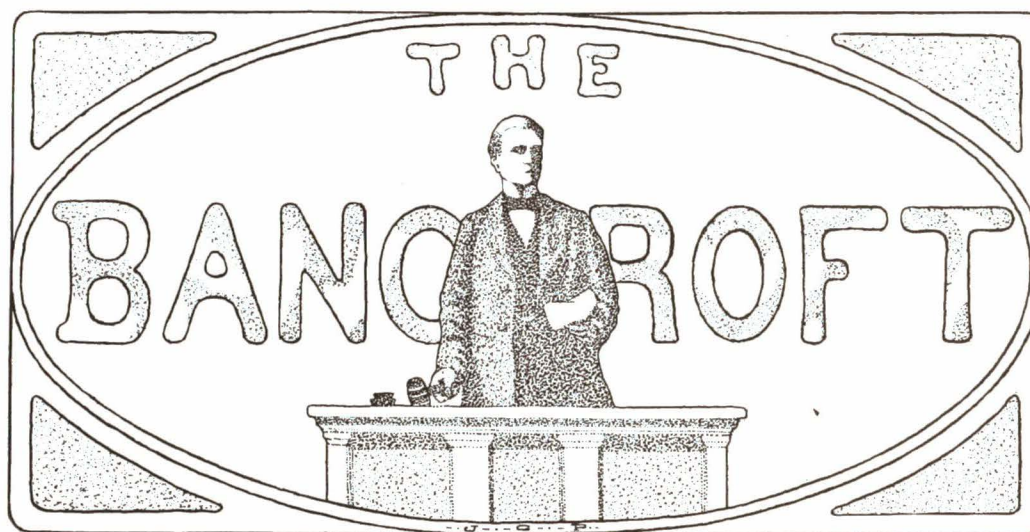
May honor and glory attend the course of the mighty class of "naughty-six," throughout her sojourn within these walls of learning!

HISTORIAN.





AT NOON THE BELL PROCLAIMS RECESS,  
AND HALF OUR WORK IS DONE;  
THE "FRESHIES" MADLY RUSH TO LUNCH,  
"A GLASS OF MILK AND A BUN!!!"



William R. Glen.....	President.
Frank B. Adams . . . . .	Vice-President.
William D. Roycoft . . . . .	Secretary.
William C. Eliason, Jr. . . . .	Treasurer.
Clarence P. Gould . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms.



To acquire excellence in speaking the English language should be the purpose of every American student. A ready and eloquent tongue, a skillful and powerful pen, give their possessors a formidable advantage over those lacking these desirable attainments. For twenty-eight years, to impart this knowledge has been the avowed purpose of the Bancroft Literary Association, founded in 1876 by Prof. Henry E. Shepherd. This association is the oldest of all the "City College" societies and the oldest literary society of the South.

The particular requirement for membership is that the applicant be a student of the "City College." There is, however, a membership committee, which investigates the status of those desiring to join and reports the result of its investigations to the society as a whole. The society now numbers more than a hundred. So, if the membership committees have done their work well, here are a hundred energetic young fellows anxious to make debaters, orators, and what-not out of themselves. Unfortunately, the membership committees in the past have not been too exacting, and consequently, a few of our hundred are not as earnest as they might be.



Notwithstanding this, there are in the society a number of men, who, if they continue in the path they are now treading, will be heard in later years upon the rostrum and within our legislative halls.

Come with us to one of our regular meetings, which are held on every Friday afternoon, immediately after school. The meeting has just been called to order. You hear the secretary call the roll, you learn that each member is addressed as the Gentleman from some particular state or territory in the union, instead of by his own name. The minutes of the previous meeting are read, and after the reports of Officers and Committees, you are already struck by the orderly and parliamentary mode of procedure. You are especially attentive when we pass to literary exercises. You hear read the subjects for extemporaneous speaking, and are surprised to find how well the boys can talk upon these newspaper topics without preparation. The declamations are even more pleasing and during the debate you cannot refrain from applauding the logic and oratory of the youthful debaters. The literary exercises over, you remain to see us transact business. And now that we have adjourned, and while you are praising so generously, I will proceed to give you a few additional facts of importance.

The Society is a help and impetus to the work of the school; especially is this true in regard to the English department. Among its members are found many of our brightest students. At last years commencement the three one hundred dollar prizes were captured by Bancroft men, and three of the four fifty dollars prize went to members of the same Society. Its representatives are found upon every committee, every list of Class Officers, every Board of Editors in the College. The association has a long roll of distinguished Alumni men, known the City, State, and Country over—only less illustrious, perhaps, than those who will follow them. Hence, you see this is not a Society organized for transient pleasure, but a society whose training will prove of immense value in after years.

Since its formation the Bancroft has had a successful career; and if in my enthusiasm I seem to lavish undue praise upon the society, it is to this loyalty on the part of so many of its members that its success is due. Other influences that have helped to keep alive the interest are the gold medal contests in extemporaneous speaking and declamation. The Bancroft owes these contests to the generosity of two of its most distinguished Alumni, Jesse Hobbs, and William Wallace Sheridan, since deceased. The annual contest with its sister-society at the end of each school year, and the friendly rivalry which this occasions is the sustaining power of both the Bancroft and the Carrolton-Wight. During the past two years, the Bancroft, in conjunction with the Carrolton-Wight, has given a series of public entertainments in the "College" Assembly Hall. These entertainments have brought the "College" more and more to the notice of the public. You are now acquainted with some of the reasons why we are meeting with such success.

And in closing this eulogy—for I am afraid I have made it that—I can do nothing more than to extend to the Bancroft the best wishes of the Class of 1904. May the successes of the past, the prosperity of the present, but serve to prepare it for greater achievements in the future.

## The Carrollton-Wight Literary Society.



Paul Wegefarth . . . . . President.  
 Eldridge H. Young . . . . . Vice-President.  
 J. Paxton Simmons . . . . . Secretary.  
 M. Henry Goldstone . . . . . Treasurer.  
 Harry Hom Let . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms.



An English philosopher claims that all things in this world are accomplished through jealousy. Mr. Wight recognized this and hence the existence of the Carrollton-Wight Literary Society. The Bancroft was founded in 1874, and up to 1878 was the only society in the College. At that time, Mr. Wight was head of the English department, and saw the trend matters were taking in the Bancroft. The members who had organized the society had graduated, and, naturally, after the novelty of the thing had worn off, a lethargy came over those who remained. No attempt was made to induce other members to join, and those who belonged to the Society rarely attended the meetings. Indeed, matters were at a crisis, and some bold move was necessary to hold the Bancroft together. It was then that Prof. Wight decided to organize a second literary society—the grand Carrollton Literary Society.

For the most part those who joined the new society were students who would have readily joined the Bancroft, had they been asked, but were afraid of being black-balled or had no desire to join a society in which their presence was not sought after by a delegation.

It was Mr. Wight's intention that a friendly rivalry should exist between the two societies, and in order to further this intention, he established the custom of holding an annual contest. He offered two medals, one for debate, and another for declamation, open to contestants to be elected by both societies. Mr.



Morgan later offered a medal to the two societies for the best essay written on some literary subject. There have been twenty-three such contests, and I would state in behalf of the Carrollton, with all due respect to the Bancroft, that we have won seventeen of them.

By the death of Prof. Wight in the year 1897, the Carrollton suffered an inestimable loss, and in token of her appreciation of his earnest efforts, the Carrollton changed her name to the Carrollton-Wight.

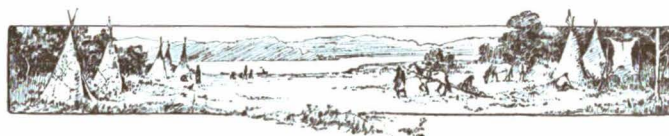
In order to induce the members to take a greater interest in declamation, the Carrollton, last year, decided to offer a gold medal to the best declaimer in the society. The result was far better than we dared hope for. New life was instilled into the members, and more interest was shown in declamation than had ever been exhibited before.

A former member of the Carrollton was present at the Contest, and hearing of the efforts of the society to induce members to take an interest in the exercises, he offered the society a medal for extemporaneous speaking. The Carrollton accepted the kind offer of Mr. Miller and wishes to thank him herewith. This new inducement is expected to enhance greatly interest in extemporaneous speaking—at once the hardest and most beneficial part of a speaker's training.

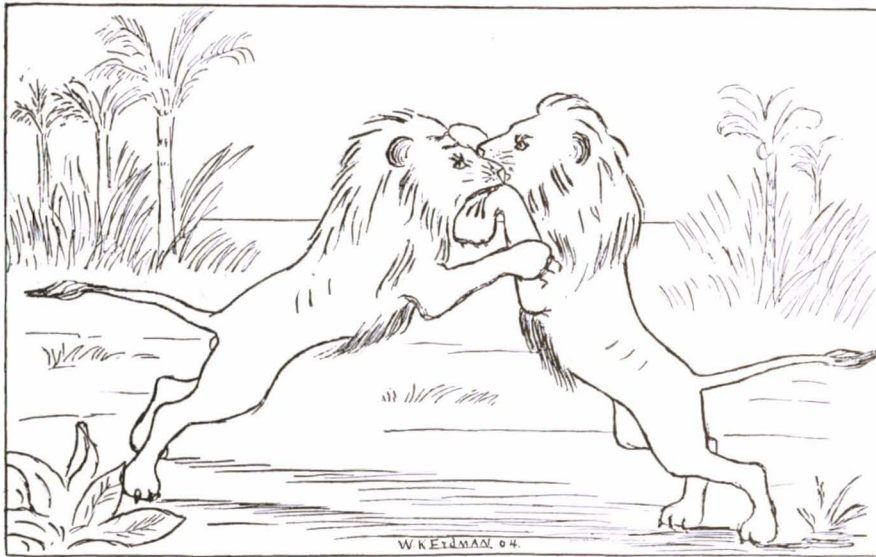
The Carrollton meets every Friday afternoon in Mr. Arthur's room. The meeting is opened with Bible reading by the president. The roll is called and minutes of the previous meeting are read. The critic reports and is followed by the literary lecturer. The next head is declamation, and as a rule is very much enjoyed. Then comes extemporaneous speaking upon current events.

This is followed by a new feature, introduced into the society about two years ago—that of "Odd Tales" which offers an outlet for superfluous humor. The debate, the next head, occupies forty-five minutes, and is the most enjoyable as well as the most instructive part of the program. After the principals have finished, any member of the society has the right to debate on any one side. This privilege is usually taken advantage of, and there are times when the entire society is participating on either side of the question.

In conclusion, I would state that the years of work of the society have been most satisfactory. The membership committees deserve special credit, for it was due to their untiring efforts that the number of active members, specified as seventy-five by the constitution, had to be raised to one hundred. And, as I have before stated, the society at the present day is on a better footing than at any other time in the annals of her existence. At the last contest we captured two of the the medals open to joint competition—the Morgan essay medal, and the Arthur debating medal, and from all appearances it is believed that we will at least repeat last year's victory.







## The Contest.



### PROGRAMME.

Introductory Address,  
George J. Tinsley.

### DECLAMATION.

Henry W. Snyder . . . . . Bancroft.  
Edwin J. Heath . . . . . Carrollton.  
Emmanuel G. Zies . . . . . Bancroft.  
Karl Singewald . . . . . Carrollton.

Won by Emmanuel G. Zies.

### DEBATE.

Resolved: That the President of the United States should be selected by direct popular vote.

Affirmative . . . . . Joseph T. Singewald—Bancroft.

Negative . . . . . John M. Holmes—Carrollton.

Won by John M. Holmes.



IN the evening of June 5, 1903, promptly at twenty-five minutes past the appointed time, the curtain rose at Chase's.

A little fellow in evening dress came forward and told us what wonderful societies we had at the College. He also spoke in glowing terms of our last mock trial, but at this point he seemed unaccountably nervous, and some were heard to say, that they believed his conscience was troubling him. Of course this was but idle talk.

His oration was followed by the declamations. The gentleman who rendered the piece entitled, "The Honor of the Woods" made a favorable impression on the audience, and no doubt, upon the judges as well, for he was declared the winner. The other selections showed a degree of care in their preparation that was highly commendable.

The debate was next in order, and the electoral system was thoroughly discussed by both gentlemen. Then came the play, to which everyone had looked forward with eagerness, and their hopes were not disappointed. The selection was the two act comedy "A Husband to Order," by J. M. Morton.

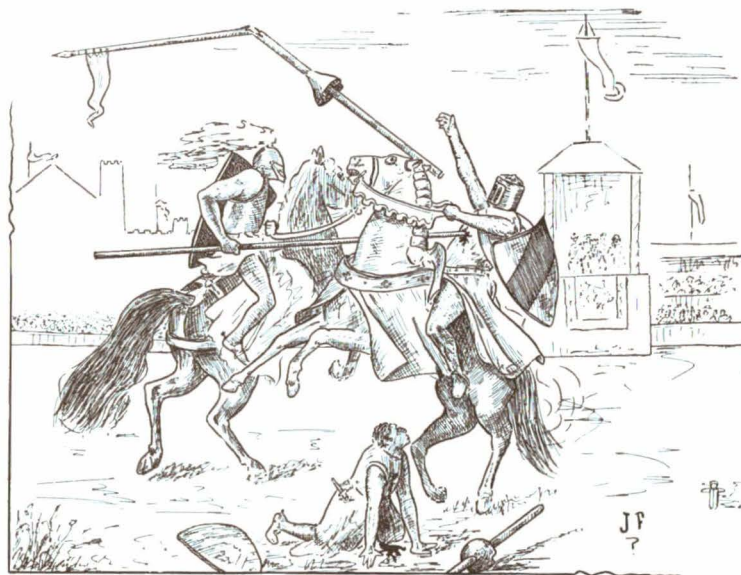
The scene is laid in France, about the time of Napoleon. Pierre Marceau has purchased the estates of the exiled Baron de Beaupre, and when the latter is recalled from exile, the estates are returned to him on condition that he give his niece, Josephine, in marriage to Marceau. In the first act Pierre marries Josephine but leaves her in anger and returns two years later (in the second act), in the guise of his brother, after he had been reported as dead.

The management did well in selecting the play, as the two years interval gave President Soper time to present the medals and deliver an address, abounding in classical illusions and marked by an astounding use of adjectives.

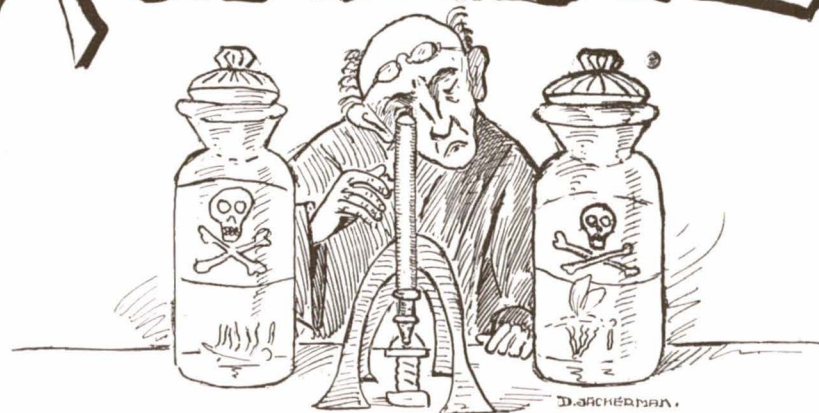
All the characters were favorably received by the audience. Phillipean, the tall rustic, was the laughing stock of all. His droll antics and knowledge of the will-power of his better-half were exceedingly amusing.

The old Baron, who was continually worried about his estates, and Anatole Latour, lawyer, soldier or lawyer, according to the whim of his sweetheart, were both highly entertaining.

But the acting of the young ladies was the main feature of the performance. The successful rendition of the parts of Josephine, Elsie, the whimsical sweetheart of Latour, and Madame Phillipean, the rural dame, furnished ample proof of the histrionic abilities of the representatives of the fair sex.



# AGASSIZ.



Carl M. Distler . . . . .	President.
Raymond Freas . . . . .	Vice-President.
Wm. A. Reinhardt . . . . .	Secretary.
Carrol M. Wright . . . . .	Treasurer.
W. Edwin Bird . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms.



IN looking back over the past history of the Agassiz Association, one will find, as in all societies, a record of successes and reverses, of interest and of lack of interest. But in the last few years, while similar periods of zeal and lassitude have dominated, still the adoption of new plans and more modern ideas have carried us always nearer our ideals. The two years just completed were a period rather of preparation than of actual work.

The purpose and the aims of the Agassiz are frequently mistaken, and even comparatively unknown. As an Agassiz chapter it is our purpose to collect, study and preserve natural objects and specimens, and to come into close touch with Nature by frequent trips into the country for the purpose of studying her and benefiting ourselves. The indoor and laboratory work, while useful, is merely a small part of what the Agassiz should take up.

As a college organization it is our purpose to supplement. The College teaches the work in detail, while the association uses this in a practical study of Nature. Very many subjects of natural history are touched upon, and a

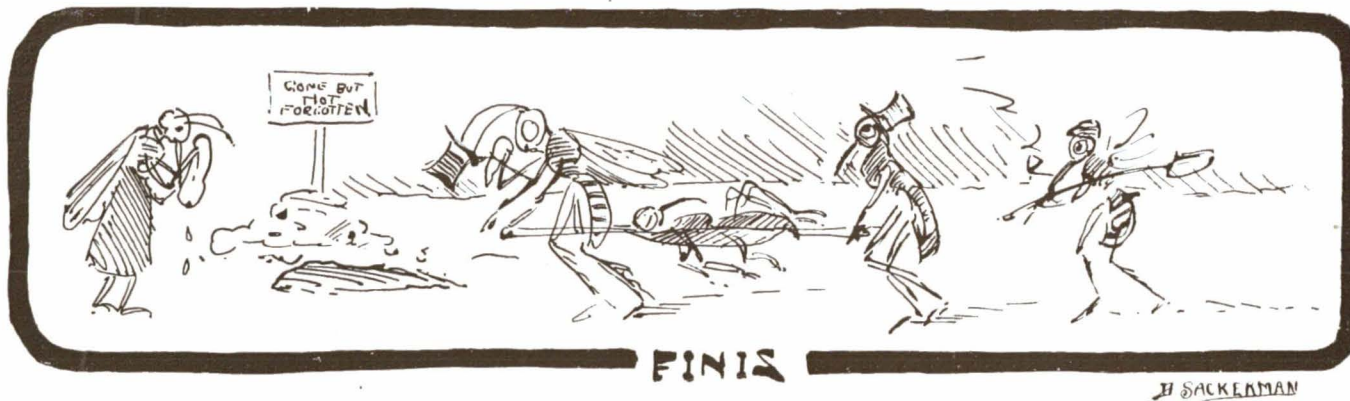


member leaving this society may claim to have a very fair knowledge of Nature. Hence, the Agassiz may be considered a very valuable adjunct to the scientific course of the school.

In the work of a society the thing that probably has more to do with its character than any thing else, is the quality of its work. In the past the Agassiz has done excellent work, work on which it can look with pride. Splendid collections are now in the possession of the association, and the conveniences provided for their safe-keeping are numerous and complete. One great inconvenience the society has labored under is the absence of experienced members. Graduates leave every year and new members are taken in, and thus results a state in which lack of such men makes profitable work difficult. Notwithstanding this, the association has been, and we hope ever will be, one of great profit to students.

At present an entirely new sort of work has been pursued. In the past few years we have devoted ourselves, as I have said, to preparation and reorganization. Out of the past we are evolving a society of the present, one in spirit with the times. Although the membership is not large, there are many workers in our midst who are laying the foundations for succeeding years. Within the year 1904, we have completely revised our constitution and by-laws, fixed up our room, arranged our apparatus and started the lectures and essays that accompany practical work. As might be expected, these active measures have revived the interest which was stimulated by the introduction of practical work.

Spurred on by the words and help of an alumnus of the Agassiz, we have successfully launched our work, and gotten our plans under way, and 1904 will not be the least beneficial year of the association. In looking back over the past we see nothing to deter or discourage us, and as the present is full of bright encouragement, we feel justified in expecting an even brighter future. Upon the foundation made in the past years of preparation, the members in years to come should build a society that will stand shoulder to shoulder with the foremost societies of its kind, and become a factor in the combined influence of the various associations standing as an educative element of the College.



## The Chess Club.



### OFFICERS.

J. Philip Wenchel . . . . .	President.
Henry P. Manning . . . . .	Vice-President.
Felix Erlanger . . . . .	Secretary.
Richard Packwood . . . . .	Treasurer.
Samson Pike . . . . .	Curator.
Glen W. Owens . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms.



THE Chess Club is not one of the oldest societies in the school, but it realizes the truth of the natural law that youth is the time to grow, and, relying upon its youthful vigor, is pushing some of the older societies for pre-eminence in popularity. Since its formation in 1897, the Chess Club has had a checkered career — not at all due, however, to the introduction of the game of checkers several years ago. It is now, as I have before intimated, enjoying a period of great prosperity. The membership is just within the limit imposed by the constitution, and care must be taken to admit none but true devotees of this, the most scientific of all games.

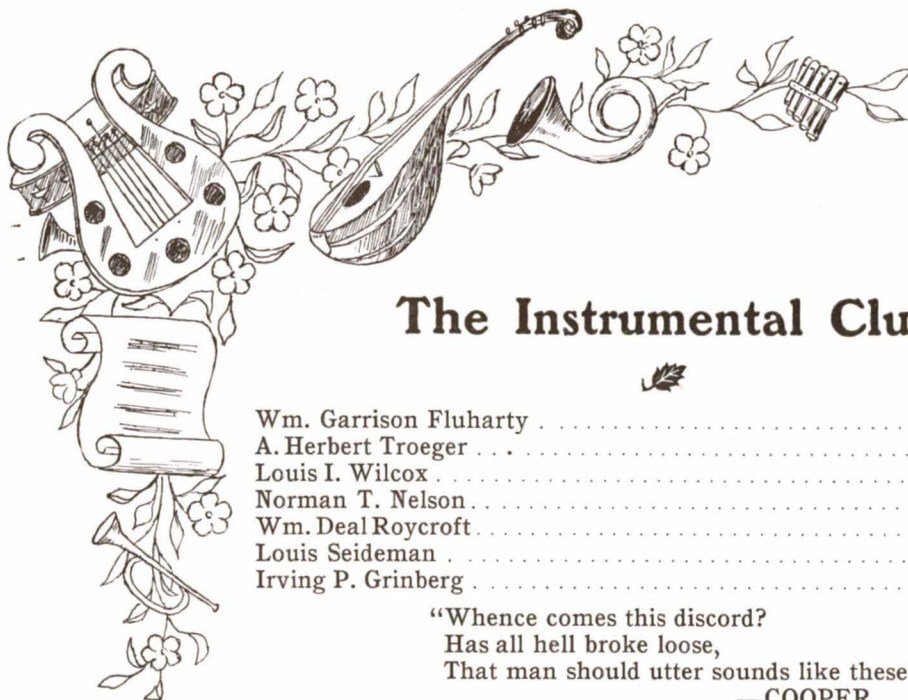
Nothing has contributed so much to the interest and success of the Club as the annual major and minor tournaments in both checkers and chess. The skill displayed during the present tournament has been so remarkably fine as to keep the interest at white heat and to leave the final result in doubt. All the newspapers willingly publish the results of the weekly contests, and the progress of the tournaments is eagerly watched by all Baltimoreans interested in this game.

Two very agreeable features of the present year were an advantageous change in the location of the society room, and a grand banquet given at the Northampton. Prof. W. F. Smith was toast-master, and Messrs. Eliason Hollander, Manning and Wenchel showed that they could make after-dinner speeches almost as well as they play chess.

We would not have you think for a moment, however, that there is nothing but pleasure to be derived from the Chess Club and these tournaments. An intellectual training is received which is far more valuable than that bestowed by some subjects in a college curriculum. It often takes longer to study the board and to figure out the result of a move than it would require to work out one of Mr. Norris's questions in logarithms. Your reasoning and judgment is called into play at all times, and no one can indulge in chess with any spirit without having his wits sharpened proportionately.

The club has developed a number of players, skillful enough to make things interesting for professionals; yet, it appears to us most fortunate that we have no Sellman or Steinitz, or any other player who can lord it over the other members. There are any number of good players, but no one upon whose shoulders victory invariably perches. The Chess Club is an organization composed of a number of good men, rather than a society of indifferent players dominated by a few experts. That it may ever remain thus and increase in strength and usefulness is our earnest wish.





## The Instrumental Club.



Wm. Garrison Fluharty . . . . .	President.
A. Herbert Troeger . . . . .	Vice-President.
Louis I. Wilcox . . . . .	Secretary.
Norman T. Nelson . . . . .	Treasurer.
Wm. Deal Roycroft . . . . .	Business Manager.
Louis Seideman . . . . .	Curator.
Irving P. Grinberg . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms.

"Whence comes this discord?  
Has all hell broke loose,  
That man should utter sounds like these?"

—COOPER.



FEELING the need of a more musical spirit in the College than the yells, we decided to form a musical club, or rather a club that makes an attempt at music. So, early in the autumn of 1901, this organization was brought about by ten or twelve energetic students of the institution.

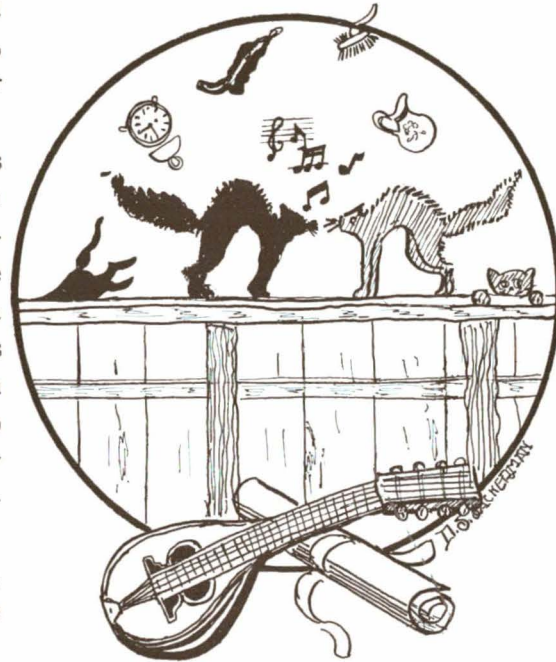
With a desire to do all in his power to further the cause of music, Prof. Raddatz endowed this organization with a capital of "five cents," with which to buy a Beethoven symphony to enlighten the minds of the uninitiated. Foreseeing the instantaneous success of the club, and desiring to be associated with it, he, out of great generosity and kindness of heart, loaned some tattered and torn music ("that he used to play himself") which the club used until it crumbled into dust.

Time and time again our barriers seemed almost insurmountable. One of them was the absence of a piano in the Assembly Hall with which to conduct the rehearsals. Nevertheless, these brave youths persevered and struggled against all of their difficulties. The way was soon made clear by the generosity of one of the members, who kindly allowed the use of the piano at his own home for rehearsals. However, after repeated efforts to obtain a piano of our own, the School Board acceded to our requests and petitions, and placed one in the Assembly Hall in the early part of November, 1901; this gave us a firm foundation and proved to be one of our greatest stepping-stones to SUCCESS.

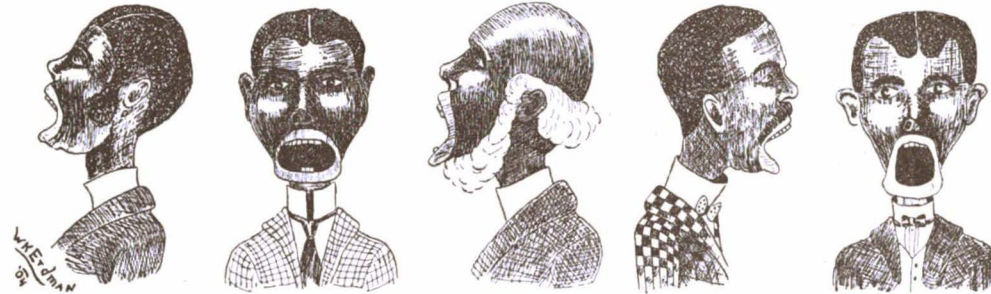
The first musical entertainment given under the auspices of the Instrumental Club took place early in the winter of 1901 in the Assembly Hall of the College. It proved such a great success that another concert was given in the spring of 1902. The success of both of these concerts aroused in the literary societies a desire to share a portion of the laurels, and in consequence, a series of entertainments was given in conjunction, during the autumn of the year 1902, and the spring of 1903. The aid that the club gave to these entertainments proved invaluable, as was clearly demonstrated by its absence from the one given by the literary societies alone in the April of 1903.

An important branch of this organization is the Mandolin Club, which, although comparatively new, is destined to achieve the success gained by the mother club.

Although the club is still in its infancy, the success that it has achieved has been very marked, its progress surpassing that of its sister societies in the College. Owing to the continual growth of its membership, and the calibre of its talent, the club bids fair to take a foremost position among the musical clubs of Baltimore.



## THE GLEE CLUB.



Glen W. Owens . . . . .	Chairman.
T. N. Bartlett . . . . .	Secretary.
H. B. Harryman . . . . .	Treasurer.
H. H. Straus . . . . .	Accompanist and Librarian.



THE Glee Club was organized some fifteen years ago, more or less, through the efforts of Prof. Chas. F. Raddatz. He, after conducting it for some years, obtained the services of Prof. J. Harry Deems, and under this efficient instructor the society acquired a reputation, singing at many commencements, gaining much credit. A disappointment came in 1901, when Prof. Deems resigned. The Club, then, in the very height of its prosperous career, was forced to disband, there being no one to fill the vacant position. Towards the close of the year, however, Mr. Soper obtained Mrs. Doane as instructor, and the Club sang as usual at the commencement. "As usual" refers to the custom of singing and not to the singing itself, as there was much dispute about the quality exhibited on that occasion, owing to the numerous reverses met with.

In 1902, Miss Helen Place, superintendant of musical instruction in the public schools, undertook the leadership of the society. She soon rounded it into fine shape. Last year was not a very prosperous one. This year a constitution, a number of competent officers, a capable instructor—Miss Place—have started the Club well on the high road to the success it deserves. So far, more enthusiasm has been shown; the membership has doubled and the quality of the work has advanced.

The promises of the future are especially bright. This year, when the Honorable School Commissioners are seated at the commencement of the "City College," they will be greeted by "floods of delirious music," whether a pleasure or not remains to be seen. Doubtless, the cabbage dealers will have their annual harvest. However that may be, if the improvement next year equals that of this year the Glee Club will find itself singing in a far higher scale.





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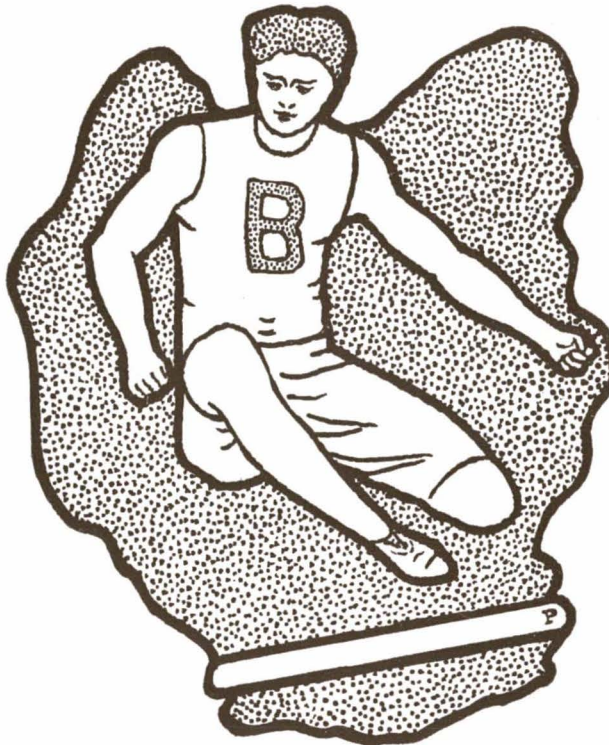


C.



HOKKERMANN  
04.

## The General Athletic Association.



Arthur R. Padgett . . . . . President.  
 J. Eugene Chaney . . . . . First Vice-President.  
 John Page Cole . . . . . Second Vice-President.  
 G. Pitts Raleigh . . . . . Secretary.  
 Martin Hammond . . . . . Treasurer.  
 Rudolph C. Dieffenbach . . . . . Curator.  
 Harwell W. Thomas . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Athletic Association of the Baltimore City College, in its entirety, was formed comparatively a very few years ago. Yet it is not the growth of a day, or of a year. It gradually developed from a small beginning to its present high standing among the prep. schools of Baltimore.

About the year 1883, a military association was formed at the College. This was the embryo. Some time afterwards something like an Athletic Association cropped out but did not take any definite shape until the year 1895. Previous to this, in 1891, the first Field Day games were held, not under the auspices of the Athletic Association, however, but under what was then known as the Field and Track Association. On December 2, 1895, the Field and Track Association became a part of the General Athletic Association. The Athletic Association proper dates from

this time. The following officers were elected: President, C. Howard Lewis, '96; First Vice-President, Leon L. Joyner, '96; Second Vice-President, J. McK. Reily, '97; Third Vice-President, G. Warfield Hobbs, '96; Secretary, N. M. Krager, '96; Treasurer, H. T. S. Fallon.

From this time the Athletic Association has slowly pressed forward. It has won undying fame for the school, and reached its culmination in 1903. This year of all years has been its most successful one. Never before were such things done. Two state interscholastic records, the mile and the half-mile, were smashed, as well as one



world's record, the 120-yard low hurdle. Four banners were also won; the first one on May 12, 1903, at the Field and Track Meet of the Baltimore Interscholastic Association. The members of the Association, were Friends School, Diechman's Preparatory School, Marston University School, and the Baltimore City College. The high athletic standing of these schools made the victory brighter than otherwise. The second banner was won at the Meet given by the Athletic Association of the Jacob Tome Institute, May 16, 1903, in competition with twenty-four schools and colleges; the third one, by the relay team, May 23, 1903, at the Meet of the Western Maryland College; and the fourth, which was offered by the Baltimore Interscholastic Association, by the foot-ball team in the fall of 1903. Lastly, the basket-ball team held the interscholastic championship of the city.

Thus it can be seen that the Athletic Association has done more than its share in bringing the school before the public eye. Previous to this, there was generally a little laugh when any one said that the City College was entered in these or those games. The main reason why the teams put in the field were not successful, was because there was very little class spirit. Fellows would run and play for outside clubs and leave the College in the lurch, thus making it almost impossible to get united action. Now, however, things are different. As soon as the candidates for any team are called out there is a general response, and, consequently, the best men that can be produced are obtained. Some people have the idea that the Athletic Association has for its purpose only the development of brawn and muscle. Well, suppose it has; then, it is doing its part in this little world of ours. For who is better able to fight the battle of life than a strong, hearty, healthy man? Have any of our great statesmen been weak and puny? no; and we can survey the line from Washington to Roosevelt and find the same answer. Aside from making brawn and muscle, the Athletic Association has a deep moral purpose which few realize. In the athletic contest the greatest lessons in manliness and perseverance are taught. When a fellow goes into such a contest he goes in to win, and does his utmost to do so. Now, it is impossible for every one to win; some must necessarily be defeated. Here is where a great lesson is taught. The defeated fellow does not slink off and say the contest was unfair, but goes up to the winner, shakes his hand, and congratulates him. What could be more manly? After his defeat he does not throw up his hands, and say he will never be able to do this or that, but gets heartily to work, training or practicing, and makes up his mind to do better next time. Thus Athletics, as a whole, is a great moral preceptor.

Now as we are about to graduate, we call to mind the good times we had together in the "gym." Many a life-long friendship has thus been formed, and in after years when we look back to those happy days, let us remember how we lent each other our support and good-fellowship. For, sometime in the future, some of our college chums may be less fortunate than we and may need our help. Then, let it be given as of old with a free and cheerful spirit.





THE Field Day of 1903, was looked forward to with greater expectancy than usual, both by the students of the school and the public at large. This increased interest in the games was the natural result of increased interest taken in athletics by the students, and the impetus given by our enviable athletic victories during the preceding winter and spring. This general expectancy, we can say with pleasure, was amply justified by the proceedings of the afternoon, and every one was fully satisfied by the work of the competing athletes. In the nine events on the programme, five City College records and incidentally one State Interscholastic record were broken. May this creditable performance be repeated at our games this spring!

The second agreeable feature of the day, indeed, almost equally as notable as the first, was the decided superiority of the athletes of the Junior Class of 1904 over those of the other classes. As usual five points were given for each first, three for each second, and one for each third place, and three in addition for each broken record. Now, out of 96 points scored by all the contestants, 54 were scored by athletes of the Junior Class of 1904. In only one event did they fail to score a point, and in each of five events they scored an overwhelming majority. In addition to all this, of the five records lowered, three were lowered by athletes of that class, one of them a State Interscholastic record. Truly this was a notable class achievement.

The individual honors of the day went, for the third time, to J. Stuart Hill, '03, who received as a reward, in addition to his other medals, a silver loving cup. He entered in three events and won each of them, in two lowering the City College records, thus scoring a total of 21 points. Arthur R. Padgett, '04, Jr., was second with 14 points, having one first, two seconds and one broken record to his credit.

The day, May 29, was an ideal one for athletic games. The air was fresh and warm, and the bright sun had dried the ground well after a heavy rain, which had necessitated a postponement of the meet. The students who had been granted a half-holiday attended in force. Many brought with them their fair friends, and as a result the stands were filled with yelling students and pretty maidens, only too ready to applaud the success of a friend on the field.

In the three events first finished, "Joe" Hill maintained his record as the "bright particular star." In the first heat of the 100-yard dash, closely pushed by Padgett, he established a new College record of  $10\frac{1}{5}$  seconds, lowering the one previously held by Hopkins, '96. The finals ended with Hill first, Padgett second, Bobart, '05 third. Again, in the first heat of the next event, 120-yard hurdles, by covering the distance in  $14\frac{1}{5}$  seconds. Hill clipped off  $1\frac{3}{5}$  seconds from the previous College record, held by Leo Desch, '02. In the finals Padgett and Richardson, '04 Jr., finished second and third, respectively. In the broad jump Hill made a pretty jump of 21 feet-3 inches, and won rather easily. Bobart captured second place with a jump of  $19-7\frac{1}{2}$ , and Davis, '06, was third at 18-10.

In the shot-put Eichelberger, '04 Jr., had little difficulty in carrying off the honors. The contest between Thomas, '04 Jr., and Grauer, '04, Sr., was, however, rather close and interesting, Thomas winning out only on his last put. The result was, Eichelberger, 32 feet, 4 inches; Thomas, 31-8; Grauer, 31-4. Meanwhile, the mile inter-class relay was being run off, and 1905 repeated its performance of last year by winning in a walkover—'04 Jr., second, and '03 third. Time was 3-56. The contest in the high jump was quite interesting between Richardson and Plaggmeyer, '06. Each failed on 5 feet, 2 inches, after jumping 5-1. The bar was then lowered to the latter height, and each failed on several attempts, but Richardson finally cleared the stick, and won the event. Wroe, '04 Jr., won third place at 5 feet.

The last three track events were perhaps the most interesting of the afternoon. In the 440 yard dash, Padgett gained a good lead at the start, and the others practically had a race to themselves. Though he had the race well in hand, Padgett maintained the hot pace and ended a gallant dash by establishing a new College record of  $55\frac{2}{5}$  seconds. Richardson, and Balls, '03, were second and third respectively.

The mile bicycle race was fast from the start, and all the riders kept together for the first three laps. Round and round the cyclists sped with Fleischmann, '04 Jr., always in the lead. As soon, however, as the last lap was started, the bunch began to scatter, and in the end Fleischmann with a strong spurt, crossed the line a winner, lowering the record previously held by Bird, '01, to 2.51. Bealmear, '04 Jr., and Wagner, '03, finished second and third.

The mile run, the last event, was a fitting close to a Field Day notable in school history. In what was without doubt the prettiest race of the afternoon, J. P. Cole, '04 Jr., who in his first race at the Interscholastic games, a month before, had broken the State Interscholastic record for the half-mile, now in his second race, with a time of 4.59, lowered the College record by 17 seconds, and established a new State Interscholastic record for the mile. Good boy, J. P.!

Thus ended a Field Day of which every student may be proud, for on that day were established records, which, unless lowered at the Field Day this spring, will undoubtedly stand for a number of years to come.







## The Track Team, '03-'04.



**C**HAMPIONS we are and intend to remain. Led by Hill, the B. C. C. Track and Field Team has made an enviable record during the past year.

On Tuesday, May 12, the College won the championship banner offered by the Baltimore Interscholastic Association. The team had been much strengthened by several weeks of training under the direction of Mr. Wm. M. Macdermott. Hill took care of the hundred and two-twenty yard dashes, Padgett received half a point for tying Porter of Deichmann's in the hundred, Richardson placed third in the high, while Cole won the half in record breaking time. The Junior Relay won by a comfortable margin, but Stewart disappointed everyone by losing the quarter to Kelly of Marston. Pumphrey took second in the shot. Then, in the last event with the College only half a point in the lead, the relay settled the matter. Richardson woke up and ran away from Birely of Marston in the first relay, thus giving Stewart, Padgett, and Hill a lead which they easily held.

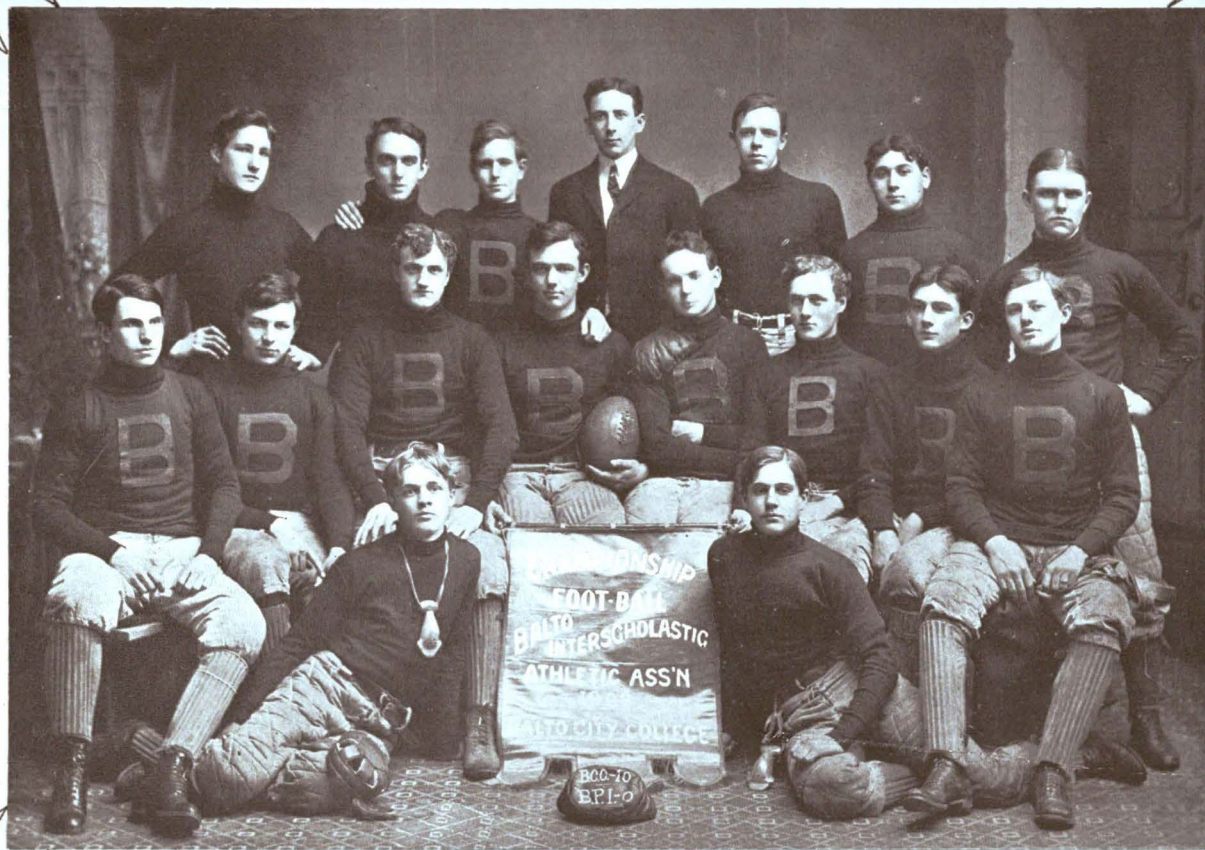
The College again covered itself with glory the next Saturday in the Tome Institute Inaugural Meet. Hill, as usual was the star, winning and breaking records in the 220 Hurdle and Broad Jump, and running second in the High Hurdles. This gave him the Individual Championship Cup, which, with Stewart's second in the 220 Hurdles and Padgett's third in the 220 Dash secured for the City College the Championship Banner.

The Relay met its only defeat the next Saturday in Washington. Though Richardson beat his man in the first lap the others lost heavily. The Central High School, however, was disqualified for failure to make proper connections, and the prizes were given to the College men.

In the Municipal Games at Patterson Park, in the fall, J. C. Grinnalds took third in the 220 Hurdles, C. P. Davis won the Broad Jump, and Richardson won out in the High Hurdles.

When the fall term opened, Padgett was elected Captain, and Stewart, Manager. In the Fifth Regiment Games, Padgett placed in the Interscholastic Dash, and the Relay lost to the team of Georgetown Law School; but at the Georgetown University Games in February, the College defeated Penn Charter and Georgetown Prep. in fast time.





## Football 1903.



October	13	B. C. C.	Vs. Marston University School.....	21- 0
"	20	"	" Johns Hopkins Freshmen.....	12- 0
"	28	"	" Boy's Latin School.....	0- 5
November	5	"	" Tome Institute (2nd Team).....	5- 0
"	10	"	" Loyola College.....	0- 0
"	18	"	" Polytechnic Institute.....	10- 0
"	20	"	" Marston University School.....	6- 6

54-11



THE football season of 1903, as represented by the above figures, was unusually successful. Seven games were played; one, lost (to the referee), two, tied, and four, won—an enviable record, it is true, yet, for such a school, nothing more than was to be expected.

From the first, interest was excited by the banner offered by the Interscholastic League to the league team making the best showing. Prospects, too, had been brighter than usual; indeed, the rooters had hoped to see a team of considerable weight, and some doubts were expressed when the team lined up for the initial game with Marston. The game was a walk-over. Marston was still lighter than we, and our backs plunged through the line and circled the ends at will. In fact, this game was merely a try-out; and the victory was of value only because it served to give the men confidence in themselves.

One week later we met the Hopkins Freshmen and downed them to the tune of 12-0. Our opponents had a slight advantage in weight; but this was more than off-set by a glaring lack of practice. After this game it began to be admitted that we had a strong team.

To make this admission general, one more game was required, and that game was with the Boy's Latin School, one of the best of the prep-school teams. The score indicates that the game was lost, but the five points credited to the Latin School were a veritable gift from the referee. Since we had the ball in our possession for the better part of the game, and were only prevented from scoring by a bit of bad management, no one could deny that ours was the better team, and further that it was equal to any of its class in the city.



In the game with Tome Institute, the manager, remembering last years drubbing, wisely selected the second team as opponents. The teams proved to be evenly matched, and after a pretty struggle on a soft field, we came out victors by the score of 5-0.

The next game likewise deserves little attention. Loyola, whose team this year was a failure, hastily collected a squad of "heavies"; our men were reserving their strength and cared little about the outcome. The result was a ragged game in which neither side scored.

And now the game of the season was at hand—the game which was to decide practically who should possess the banner as interscholastic champion. Judging from comparative scores, we were facing defeat. The Polytechnic Institute had defeated the Boy's Latin School by the score of 10-0, and was therefore confident of victory. But it was doomed to disappointment. In the first half our boys were pushing the ball slowly down the field when a fluke gave them a touch-down. In the second half, by dint of steady, consistent line-bucking, we succeeded in scoring a second touch-down, and the hardest, cleanest game of the season ended, amid wild excitement, with the score 10-0.

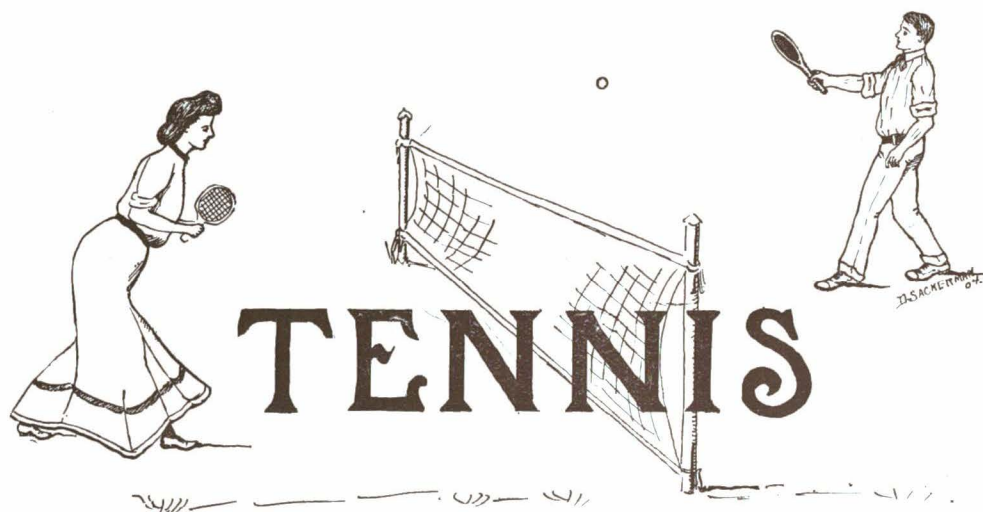
With the banner thus almost a certainty, the men became careless and allowed Marston to score a tie in the closing game. But this game was powerless to change the final result, and the banner, carrying with it the interscholastic supremacy of Baltimore, came to the City College.

Space does not allow a more detailed description of the games or an extended discussion of players. We must be content to express our appreciation of the excellent work of two men—that of King at full, and, especially, that of Captain Eichelberger, both in actual play and in direction of the men.

#### THE LINE-UP.

le. Rosenfeld. Stock	l. t. Chaney.	l. g. Samuels.	c. Raleigh. q. b. Bartlett.	r. g. Hihn.	r. t. Eichelberger.	r. e. Stewart.
		l. h. b. Stock. Rosenfeld.	f. b. King.	r. h. b. Silkman.		





**D**URING the past two years tennis has had quite a boom at the City College. For several years previous to that time, there had been little or no interest displayed in the sport. But when, in the spring of 1902, it was announced that a tournament was to be held under the auspices of the Athletic Association, and the committee-in-charge showed energy and ability in their preparations for the same, the names of those desiring to compete came pouring in upon the committee, showing that interest in this splendid sport was merely dormant, and needed only a little energetic action to awaken it.

The greatest interest was shown by the classmates of the several competitors and many of the matches were attended by a large number of students, rooting for their respective representatives. When the tournament was over, handsome prizes were given the winners, and everyone felt that the future of tennis at our school was assured.

Last spring, about the first of May, the Athletic Association announced its intention to hold another tournament and appointed as a committee-in-charge, Messrs. Norwood, 1905, chairman, Jones and Hilton, 1903. The greatest credit is due this committee for the able manner in which they directed the tournament. They soon had all the arrangements completed, and within a week after the announcement the first match was played. Generally it takes some time to play a tournament—particularly with school boys; but in this case, the last set had been played and the prizes awarded within two weeks after the first match came off.

One thing to be deplored was the small number of contestants. While the number of entries in the doubles was as large as that of the previous year, there was a decided falling off in the singles. However, nearly all who entered the tournament were fairly good players, and most of the matches were very closely contested—especially the finals, which were really fine exhibitions of tennis. The weather was propitious during the entire tournament; the courts were in fine condition, and this with the able management of the committee-in-charge made the undertaking a successful one.

Knipp, 1904 Jr., captured the singles, defeating Schmidt, 1903, in the finals, and was awarded a handsome jersey. Jones and Hammond, 1903, winners of the doubles in the previous tournament, repeated the trick. They were awarded fine rackets for their prowess.







## Lacrosse.



ACROSSE was again established in athletics at the Baltimore City College in the autumn of 1901 by Frederick Tough, who aroused a spirit for the game among his fellow students and got out a small squad. Though the team was badly beaten in a game with Hopkins Scrub in the spring of 1902, the lacrosse spirit was not discouraged, and when Captain Tough called out the squad in the autumn of 1902, a fair number of men responded.

Tough, Blanck and Straus, of Hopkins, coached the team, so that a very creditable showing was made last season. Two games were played with Hopkins Scrub; in the first game the College came out victorious, but for the second the Hopkins Scrubs presented a stronger line-up and won by the score of 5-3.

A game was then played with an aggregation known as "The All-Baltimore Juniors," composed of men from the City College and other prep. schools. The result was a glorious victory for us.

In one of the hardest-fought and best games of the season with Swarthmore Scrub at Swarthmore, May 9, the City College was defeated 2-1. Owing to the hospitality extended by the Swarthmore men, the members of last year's team look back on this trip with a great deal of pleasure.

The growing spirit for the game was shown by the fact that a large squad turned out this year at the call of Captain Norwood. These men have practiced stick-work faithfully on the College campus all through the fall and during the breaks in the weather this winter. In addition the men line-up every Saturday morning for practice in the Hopkins cage.

The light work at present will be succeeded in March by the regular practice at Druid Hill, and with the coaching of Hopkins men and ex-captain Tough, it is hoped the B. C. C. will turn out a victorious team.

All the teams that were played last year, including Hopkins and Swarthmore Scrub, and the All-Baltimore Juniors, are expected to be played this year with better results, and games are pending with Universities of Pennsylvania and Columbia Scrubs, but the chance of playing the latter is very slim.

## Indoor Baseball.



top condition.

The team of '07 were the unlucky mortals scheduled to be our first victims. The game began on time, as they seemed anxious to hurry it through. Of course we had no objections, since with us, it was a case of "the sooner



N 1902 our class team made a poor showing in the series of games which decided the championship of the school. We finished third after having lost to the two higher classes. Consequently, we started practise early in the past season, in order to select the best men possible and round them into shape for the opening game. We were determined to carry off that pennant, and, moreover, to make a clean record, if such a thing were possible.

Our spirits were suddenly chilled, however; for at the meeting of the Board of Governors of the General Athletic Association, indoor-baseball was not recognized. Our hopes were dashed to earth; our dreams of a championship series seemed to vanish as cigarettes at the sight of a professor's familiar form.

It appeared that our schemes for revenge had come to naught. No chance had we to return the wallops we had received the previous year.

But we were not so easily "stumped." The subject was discussed among the different classes, and it was decided to play a series independent of the Athletic Association. A schedule was arranged, according to which, each class was to play four games. All participated except one class, which declined to put a team in the field. It was a case of cold feet.

A call for candidates was issued, and practise began two weeks earlier than usual, several preparatory games being played with other classes. When the day of the first scheduled game had arrived, a team had been chosen and was in tip-

the better." We took the lead at the very beginning, and kept it for the remainder of the game. Strive hard as they would, they could not close up the gap between us. Consequently, when the smoke of battle cleared away, the game was ours by a large score, and we had one victory to our account.

The same may be said of the team of '05, as they received a dose of the same medicine which had been prescribed for our first victims. With two games to our credit we were now on the high-road to success. Only one more remained to be played, the fifth year class having forfeited all its games. If we succeeded in defeating the team of '06, the last to be played, and the only undefeated team besides ourselves, we would be undisputed champions.

This team, also, had a record of two victories and no defeats. Elated over their good showing, they had conceived the idea that the "pennant" soon would wave over their heads. Many valuable words they wasted in telling others of this hallucination. Much valuable time, likewise, they spent in practise, in order to facilitate their victory. But they were suddenly awakened from their slumbers; for, when the game came off, there was another tale to tell. It is needless to go further than to say that after they had picked themselves up out of the dust, the class of 1906 had other than base-ball aspirations.

Those who composed the victorious nine were:

Robert B. Smeltzer, Catcher; Ford Richardson, Pitcher; T. Norvin Bartlett, First base; Arthur R. Knipp, Second base; Edward H. Wroe, Third base; Harwell W. Thomas, Left short; Fitzhugh J. Dodson, Right short; Frank B. Adams, Left field; James G. Phillips, Right field.

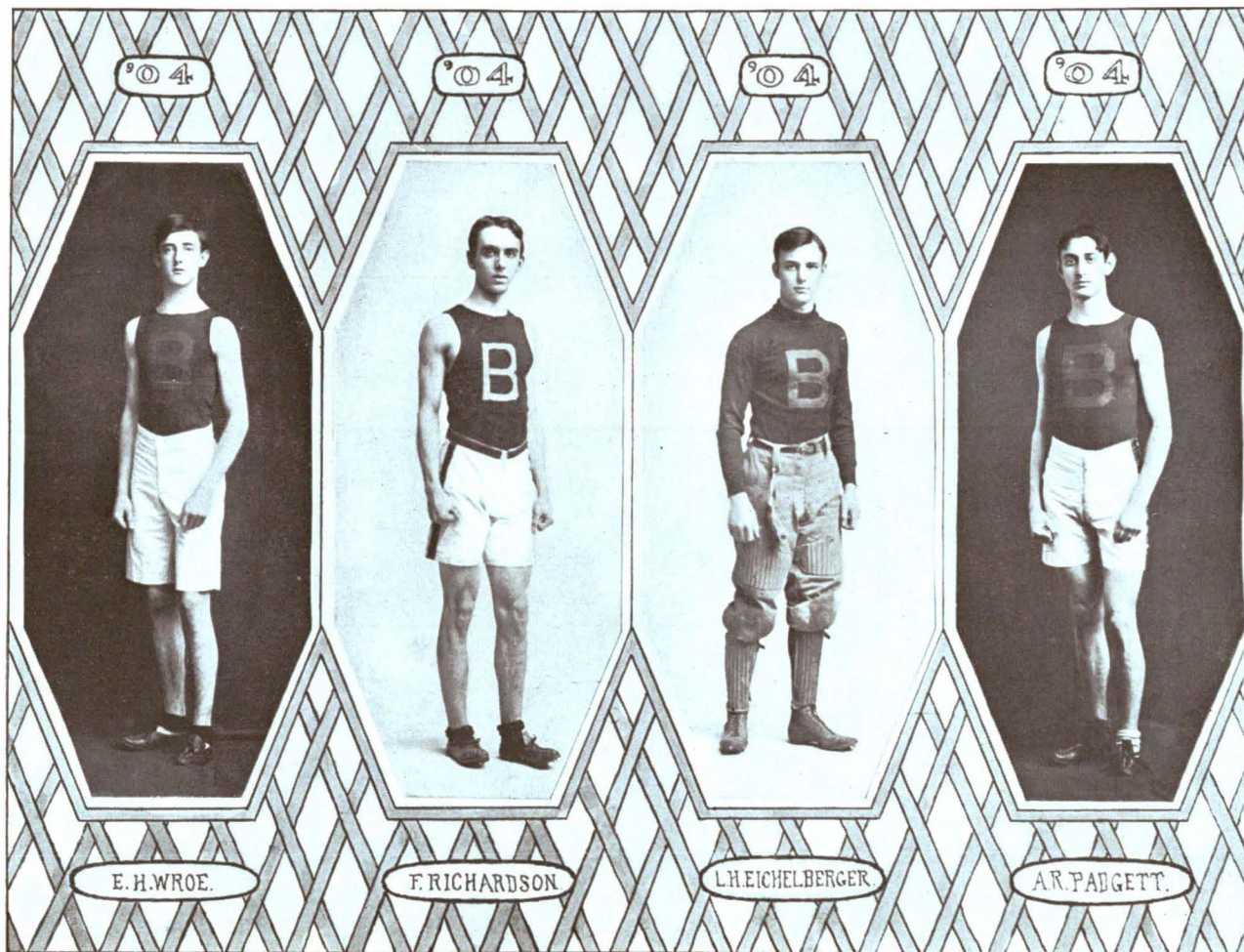
The record stands as follows:

'04 Junior.....	33	'07.....	4
'04 Junior.....	19	'05.....	3
'04 Junior.....	36	'06.....	1















## Basket-Ball.



HIS year has been the "Golden Age" for basket-ball at the City College. Not only have the students shown an increase in interest in this branch of athletics, but the team itself has displayed more ability and made a more brilliant record than any of its predecessors. This, however, was but the natural out-come of several causes. In the first place, no time was lost in playing the inter-class series; for the '04 Junior team, the champions of last year, were so far superior to the others, that no one evinced the slightest desire to question their supremacy. Then, too, the daily use of the gymnasium made it possible for the team to obtain the proper practice. Again, the fact that this year's team was, with one exception, the same as that of last year, gave them the opportunity of beginning where the end of last year had left them.

So, as soon as a manager had been elected, the team was chosen, and the practice began. This team, which was a trifle heavier than last year's, at once showed that in ability and agility, a comparison with any previous team was out of the question. From the very start, the men showed a decided improvement, and so thoroughly did they beat the Scrubs, that, when the game with the Friends Select School of Washington, the first of our series, was announced, the whole school felt confident of their representative team.

It was on a clear Friday evening, when, pursued by the well-wishes of their friends, the team arrived at the Friends Select School. The galleries were thronged with boys and girls, resplendent in their school colors. At last, the shrill peal of the whistle sounded; the ball was thrown up, and the game began. But suddenly, a thunder of applause was heard from the galleries—The Friends had scored a goal. Then our boys put forth every effort. They gave their opponents no mercy, and when at last the whistle sounded, B. C. C. had won its first game by a score of 26 to 6. The next game was with the Friends School of Baltimore. This team, if Dame Gossip's word may be accepted, had been practicing very hard for the game. But when the two teams opposed each other, although their team was heavier, City College won by a score of 25 to 10. In the meantime, a game had been arranged with the Wilmington Friends School, but when the day arrived, much anxiety was felt. This team had defeated the Baltimore Friends by such a score, that it seemed to many of our most ardent supporters, the game would be a "tight one." Happily, however, they were greatly disappointed; for the game ended, 30 for us and 3 for our opponents.

But now comes the saddest tale that e'er was penned. So far, our line of victories was unbroken, and for this reason, it was with the greatest hopes, that the team arrived at George School, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of February. However, the cruel fates had destined our hopes to be blighted; for the game was lost, George School scoring

41 points, the City College 11. Humiliating as this defeat was, nevertheless, the team had not done so badly. When we consider that our boys played under a system of rules entirely foreign to them; when we remember that they played in a strange gymnasium, the baskets of which placed them at an extreme disadvantage; when we consider both of these circumstances, this defeat loses much of its odium.

However, the defeat still stood, and nothing remained for them but to redeem themselves in the next game, which was played with the McKinley Technical School of Washington. On a bright Saturday afternoon the two teams lined up in the College gymnasium. To outward appearances they were evenly matched, but no sooner had the ball been put in play than the College team showed their superiority. The ball was in their opponents hands scarcely more than two dozen times, and when the game was finished, the score stood 50 for B. C. C., 2 for their opponents. Our boys had redeemed themselves.

With the McKinley game, the season was practically ended. Taken as a whole, it has been a most successful one. For the first time in the history of the College, a basket-ball team has been sent out of town; for the first time a basket-ball team has received a considerable sum of money from the Athletic Association. Then, too, the faculty has shown an interest such as never before, no less than seven of its members being present at one of the games. Yes, the season has been a most successful one, and we venture to say, "More than one year will have elapsed before the College will see its equal." The line up of the team was:

Daniel Elliott and Jefferson C. Grinnalds, forwards; Albert P. C. Krieger and George A. Stewart, centre; Arthur R. Padgett and Albert Grauer, guards.



# Official Records.

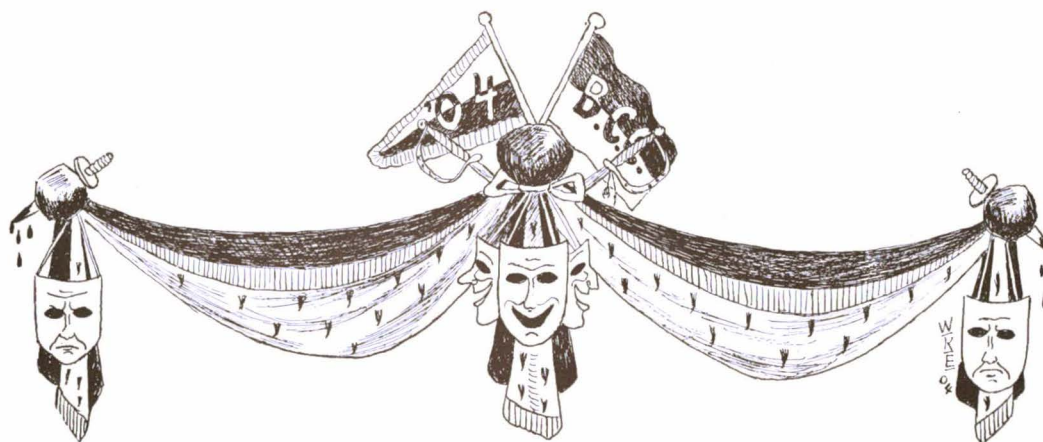


Events.	Made in.	Won by—	Time.
100 yard dash.	1903	J. S. Hill, '03.	10 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.
120 yard hurdle (high).	1903	Ford Richardson, '04 Jr.	20 seconds.
120 yard hurdle (low).	1903	J. S. Hill, '03.	14 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.
220 yard hurdle (low).	1903	J. S. Hill, '03.	26 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile run.	1903	Arthur R. Padgett '04, Jr.	55 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.
$\frac{1}{2}$ mile run.	1903	J. P. Cole, '04 Jr.	2 minutes, 12 seconds.
1 mile run.	1903	J. P. Cole, '04 Jr.	4 minutes, 59 seconds.
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile bicycle.	1893	Carroll, 1896.	32 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
$\frac{1}{2}$ mile bicycle.	1896	Quigley, 1897.	1 minute, 25 seconds.
1 mile bicycle.	1903	A. Fleischman, '04 Jr.	2 minutes, 51 seconds.
2 mile bicycle.	1896	Hilleary, 1901.	6 minutes, 57 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.
1 mile relay.	1900	Class of 1900.	3 minutes, 25 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.
Broad jump (running).	1903	J. S. Hill, 1903.	21 feet, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Broad jump (standing).	1894	George B. Scholl, 1895.	9 feet, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Running high jump.	1895	George B. Scholl, 1895.	5 feet, 6 inches.
Standing high jump.	1893	W. M. Maloy, 1894.	4 feet, 4 inches.
Pole vault.	1896	T. Reese Cornelius, 1898.	9 feet.
Putting 12 pound shot.	1895	Robertson, 1896.	38 feet, 5 inches.
Putting 16 pound shot.	1896	C. H. Lewis, 1896.	31 feet, 2 inches.
Throwing 16 pound hammer.	1896	C. H. Lewis, 1896.	61 feet, 4 inches.
Throwing baseball.	1896	Leon Joyner, 1896.	294 feet, 6 inches.
Potato Race—10 potatoes, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards apart.	1903	J. S. Hill, '03.	46 seconds.
Potato race—9 potatoes, 5 feet apart.	1902	Geo. A. Stewart, '04 Sr.	40 seconds.
Running high jump.	1903	E. H. Wroe, '04 Jr.	5 feet, 2 inches.
Standing broad jump.	1903	J. S. Hill, '03.	9 feet, 5 inches.
Standing hop, step and jump.	1903	Ford Richardson, '04 Jr.	26 feet, 8 inches.
Fence vault.	1904	A. P. C. Krieger, '05.	6 feet, 5 inches.
Rope climb with hands.	1904	W. Pumphrey, '04 Jr.	9 seconds.
Rope climb with hands and feet.	1901	Harry Muhley, 1901.	7 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.
50 yard hurdle.	1902	J. S. Hill, '03.	6 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.





MISS MABEL GARRISON.  
MISS MABEL FALLIN. MISS SELMA BECKER.



## Our Regiment.

A Military Comedy . . . . . By Gustav von Moser.  
 Author of "The Private Secretary."

### THE CAST.

Mr. Dobbinson—a retired merchant . . . . .	Cleveland R. Bealmear.
Mr. Ellaby—his friend . . . . .	William H. Doyle.
Eric Fetherston—Captain 8th Lancers . . . . .	Walter N. Kirkman.
Guy Warrener—Lieutenant 8th Lancers . . . . .	Harwell W. Thomas.
Rev. Jack Talbot—curate of Mudborough . . . . .	William D. Roycroft.
Batters—Dobbinson's servant . . . . .	S. Meade Reynolds.
Mrs. Dobbinson . . . . .	Miss Mabel E. Fallin.
Olive—her daughter . . . . .	Miss Selma Becker.
Enid Thurston—Dobbinson's niece and ward . . . . .	Miss M. Adele Lockerman.
Maud Ellaby—Ellaby's niece . . . . .	Miss Mabel G. Garrison.



## The Play.



It would not seem altogether fitting to speak of the "brilliancy of sparkling waters" without giving a few words of description and explanation. It has been a custom of some years standing for the Senior Class of the College to produce a Christmas play. This year, on account of the rivalry between the '04, Jrs. and the Srs., there were two plays given, and, as it is not for me to compare the two, these pages will be devoted to description of the play given by the '04 Jrs., at Ford's Opera House, on Tuesday the 29th of December, 1903.

I do not hope with these few words to do justice to the play—Clio herself could not—for we have, perchance, advanced beyond the limit, and have accomplished those things which were beyond all expectations.

On the first Tuesday in October, gathered in the Assembly Hall at the College, sat the young gentlemen of the Cast and Committee awaiting the arrival of the fair maids whom they had selected—but never seen—to take part in their play.

The ladies were slow in appearing—of course, it would not seem proper to be on time—and whether their appearances were pleasing or not to those who were beholding them for the first time, we—well, let us hope they were! After the many "How d'y'e dos" and "Pleased to meet yous" were said, and we had gotten thoroughly acquainted with each other, we were assigned our parts, and then adjourned to meet again on the following Tuesday. And so, many Tuesdays afterward we met in the same old hall, each time more enthusiastic over the work that was before us.

A great deal of credit is due our Stage Manager and Class President, who was constantly urging us to "do better work—the time is getting short." But for his untiring efforts to keep us quiet, the play might have been a miserable failure (?).

Almost before we could realize it we were rehearsing at "Ford's," and the time for the performance was near at hand. Rehearsals became more interesting; for example, on entering the auditorium, anyone with the slightest faculty for observation could not fail to notice the haggard faces of those poor mortals, walking the floor, or, probably in some secluded place, studying their lines, while those who were late sauntered into the hall with an air of apparent nonchalance, until they became "wise" to the fact that all this was due to one poor innocent (?) man—our coach; for we all remember the afternoon at College when —

We had assembled for the "full dress" rehearsal—costumes were donned, scenery was placed, and we sailed through the entire performance so successfully that we had no fear but that the morrow would bring its reward. As Byron "woke one morning and found himself famous", so we did.

The sun rose with us all bright and early on the 29th. The morning was spent in making elaborate preparations; it was soon noon, and we were on our way to the theatre.

We were driven to the rear entrance and ushered to our dressing rooms where we found our maids (?) awaiting us; and after a short time we had assumed our characters for the afternoon. What a transformation!!

Our military friends, who, but for their long sweeping mustaches—and I can't say much for them—were very artistically gotten up. Mr. Dobbinson and Batters were so far beyond recognition that one could hardly believe them to be the same two whom we had known but a short time before. Mr. Ellaby, that "dear old soul," was truly that, and a kind-hearted uncle, as he proved himself later. The curate! We have but to close our eyes to see again that "strange mingling of mirth and tears of the tragic and grotesque." He had a style particularly his own, and was capable, as he had already proved himself, of a part rather difficult in its interpretation. Except Mrs. Dobbinson, who had aged some twenty-five years in her make-up, the ladies of the cast were just as the modern English girls of about eighteen summers.



And so, after what seemed an eternity, the band began to play. Ushers were busier than ever in their efforts to seat the crowds pouring in from all directions. The first thing noticeable was that the theatre had been elaborately decorated with the class colors, royal purple and white, and the boxes which were occupied by the Eastern and Western High School girls, had been tastefully draped in their colors. Especially attractive was the box occupied by the "Weird Sisters," who, but for their skull and cross-bones, would reveal nothing as to their identity.

And while the audience was being entertained and almost deafened by the College yells and cheers for '04 Junior, those behind the scenes were impatiently waiting—waiting—. Never did the old familiar "Poet and Peasant" seem so long drawn out. Would they never finish! Wild with excitement we took turns peeping through that accommodating hole in the curtain to note the size of our audience; and now and then we heard the Rev. Mr. Talbot calling,—"Boys, it's fierce—it's fierce!" What was meant by the word "fierce," only he himself knew, for still they came, and when the bell rang for the curtain to be raised, a last look assured us that we were about to play to a full house.

The first act opened with a scene in Mr. Dobbinson's drawing-room—and Olive was the first to appear. Miss Becker made a charming innocent maiden, and her work was well done throughout the performance. The much-sought-after heiress, who, I'll wager, had more proposals in three days than can well be imagined, was caught in some dreadful predicaments,—and managed to dodge her uncle so well that one would judge she was used to it. Or, was it only her clever acting?

I would mention especially the excellent work of "Samuel" and "Matilda," whose rendering of husband and wife was deserving of great praise. He, the angry Jupiter that he was, "who swore on every slight pretence," at but a glance from his spouse would melt before her very gaze and assume the role of the obedient husband—"Well, if I must, I must." These particular scenes seemed to take more than others, perhaps on account of their being so much in accordance with the modern habits of husbands and wives. How many of them there were who recalled scenes similar to those between Samuel and Matilda! "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us."

The plot of the play was a very complicated one, and although it covered but three days there was quite a climax. After the Lieutenant had proposed to the Captain's girl—with some difficulty, if you remember—and the "Deacon" had assumed his proper character, in spite of "Papa's hatred of the army," there were two ladies who joined the military that evening, and one, who, after having received the blessing of her uncle Ellaby, decided to take Jack and help him to write a new speech for the parishioners. Let us hope it does not begin thus,—“In these days,” etc. After receiving many congratulations, "Our Regiment" went out to supper.

And so, in one short afternoon the long-looked-for performance ended. Only one who has had the pleasure of taking part in the annual plays can even vaguely realize the joys of that eventful afternoon. The glittering lights, the tender strains of music, the fair faces and tender voices, all make up a scene never to be forgotten.

ONE OF THE CAST.

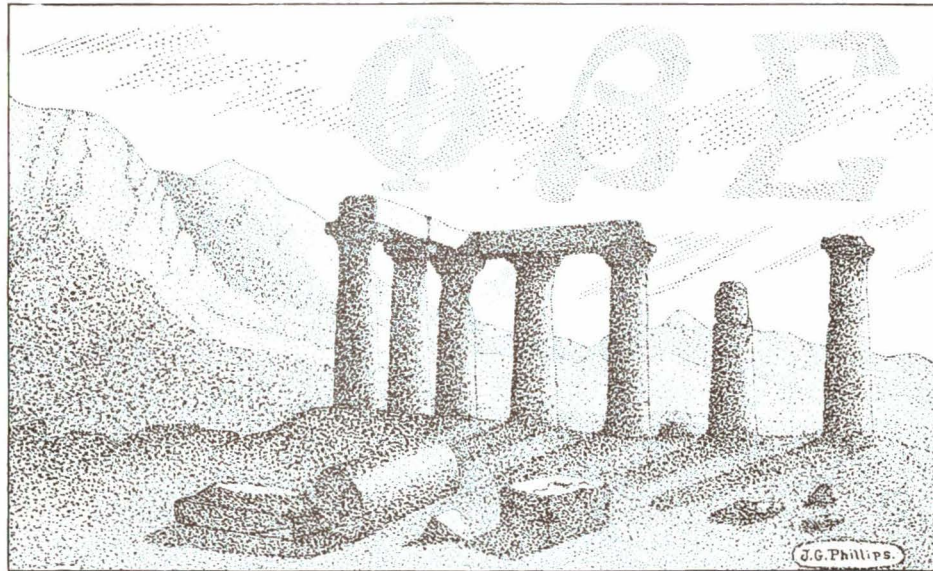
The Committee takes this opportunity to thank the members of the 1905 Class, who acted as ushers.

THE COMMITTEE.





## Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity.



### FRATRES.

Frank Blackford Adams.  
Thomas Norvin Bartlett.  
William Edwin Bird.  
Fitzhugh James Dodson.  
William Kenneth Erdman.  
William Garrison Fluharty.  
Samuel Marcus Goldman.  
Evan Donovan Hans.  
Walter Henry Huff.  
Walter Ness Kirkman.

Arthur Russel Knipp.  
John William Nicol.  
James Granville Phillips.  
Charles Frederick Pietsch.  
Charles Eareckson Reinicker.  
Ford Richardson.  
William Deal Roycroft.  
Gerd Hayen Schulte.  
Walter Winfred Tafel.  
Howard Cruett Wilcox.







Arthur R. Padgett . . . . . Hecate.  
 S. Meade Reynolds . . . . . High Spinster of Lucre and Quills.  
 John Page Cole . . . . . Mistress of the Charmed Cauldron.



IN the year of our Lord, 1903, under the auspices of those mystic Fates whom Shakespeare has so aptly styled "The Weird Sisters," there came into existence, within the walls of the City College, that organization which bears the name of its sponsors.

Though organized early in the year, they did not make their initial bow before the public until they appeared at the 1904, Junior, Christmas Play, when, with the aid of a goodly number of megaphones, they created quite a stir. Indeed, so soon were their merits recognized that one of the performers who found himself in a quandry wisely decided to "consult the Weird Sisters" before proceeding further.

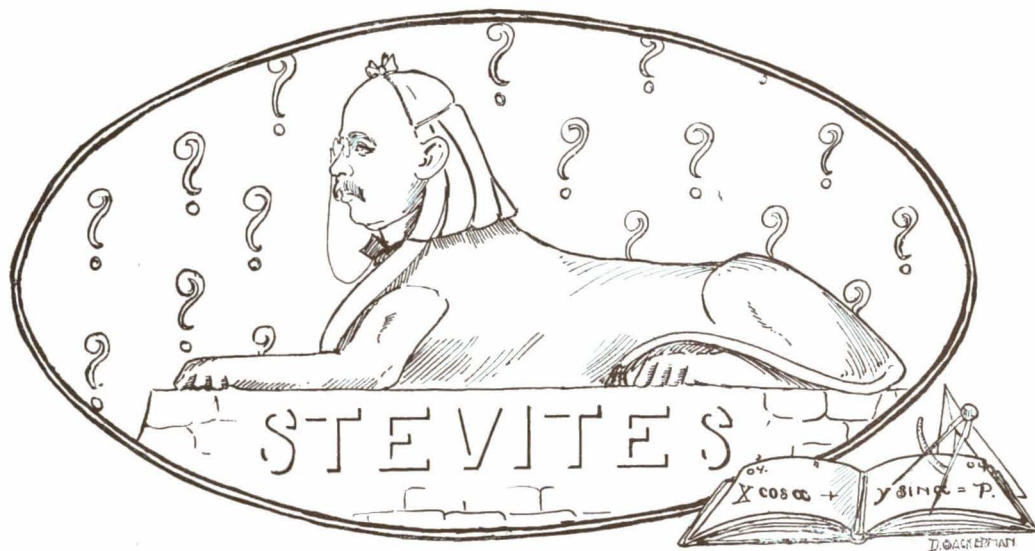
An article on this society could scarcely be deemed complete without an allusion to its aims and purposes. The main object of the Weird Sisters, according to its constitution, is "the promotion of good-fellowship and fraternal regard among its members"; and added to this is what is indeed the fondest desire of every member,—the success and prosperity of the glorious class of 1904, Junior.

By the uninitiated, the Weird Sisters is held to be a crowd of convivial spirits whose chief aim is to have a rattling good time; but to those who have been received into its ranks, who have observed and participated in the performance of its mystic ritual, and who have felt the tightening of the bonds of friendship, which hold its members so firmly together,—to them the "Weird Sisters" is more than a name. It stands for that strong tie which unites them, one to another, in a firm friendship, which no earthly power can sever!







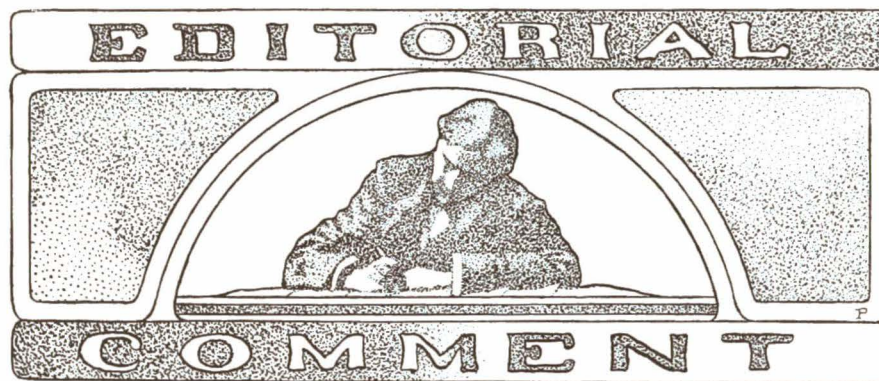


Raymond Freas . . . . .	Grand Master.
Hamilton V. Miles . . . . .	Lord High Secretary.
William R. Glen . . . . .	Lord High Treasurer.



THE ancient and honorable order of Stevites, long may they flourish, dates from the evolution of our Freshman greenness to the more mature mathematical thoughtfulness of Juniors. Scarce had the trumpet sounded the call to arms, and all hastened to attack the studies of the Junior year, when some of the brightest element of our renowned mathematical department, spurred on by the untiring energy of our beloved preceptor, determined to found a society for the purpose of original research in the glorious field of mathematics. Thereupon, several Juniors, with genuine mathematical ability, held a meeting and this all powerful order is the glorious achievement of their combined and untiring efforts.

The members of this secret society are among the most desirable of the class of '04 Jr. It is truly no light matter to obtain admittance into the most exclusive society of our Alma Mater, and those who are members fully appreciate the honor that has been done them in their selection for this august body. Whoever seeks to obtain membership in the Stevites, must be able to present a clean record to their membership committee, who thereupon deliberate and ascertain every particle of information in regard to the student's conduct since his entrance into the dominions of the Czar. If the committee fails to discover any blot whatsoever on his escutcheon, it reports favorably on his name. He is then prepared for initiation into the society. The mystic ceremonies and rites of initiation are kept profoundly secret, but at their conclusion he is finally admitted by the laying on of hands, in which every member of the society participates. It has been deemed advisable to limit the membership to the mystic number thirteen, and beyond this limit it dare not increase.



## Rickety-Rex.



IN issuing an annual under the name RICKETY-REX, the Class of 1904 has made a daring departure from the traditions of the City College. For the last seven years it has been the custom of the graduating class to publish its annual under the name of "The Green Bag." As a result, this name has become so much identified with the College that any variation from the rule would seem almost disastrous.

Existing circumstances, however, made the change an absolute necessity. The Junior Class of 1904 determined to issue a class book; it was forbidden to use the title "The Green Bag"; consequently, it was forced to seek a new title.

In the selection of a title, the Editors to whom the choice was intrusted were influenced by two considerations. They realized that the title of a class-book, to be well-chosen, should be familiar to many and appropriate to the College. With these considerations always in view they cast about them for a title, and, after some search, hit upon the one which heads this book and article. Doubtless, the reader already knows the source; but, for the benefit of those who are not so familiar with the College, the Editors beg to call attention to the College Yell. The first four syllables form the title of this book. The Editors believe it typical of the City College, in the broadest sense; for has not that yell been heard time and again throughout the city and state and even beyond its boundaries? Our students have yelled it at entertainments and commencements, have called it across baseball and football fields and have howled it in fiendish glee as their doughty athletes came swinging down the track. Nothing could be more suitable as a title for a class-book of the City College.



A new system has been successfully inaugurated and new conditions have arisen. The five year class is no more; why should its creation "The Green Bag" remain in the face of a more fitting title chosen by the first of the four-year classes? Let Rickety-Rex mark a new era of modern, wide-awake ideas; let it establish a precedent; and may all future annuals bear its name.

Some of our professors ought to read hair-raising tales.

Fish go about in schools; it is likewise true that suckers go about in colleges.

## THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.



WHEN we of the Class of 1904, in all our verdancy and freshness, entered the College in September of 1900, we were introduced to a new system. Whether there is any inference to be drawn from the fact that it was inaugurated at our coming, we are loath to state. It seems scarcely possible that the school authorities could have learned what a remarkable class ours was to be, and had adopted a new system accordingly. And if we do not confine ourselves to this system, you will decide that its working is poor,—at least as far as our English department is concerned.

We said we were introduced to the new system in September, 1900. We might add that our intercourse and acquaintance during the first year was very slight. We knew that we were in the four year course, but from the remarks of older students we discovered that, otherwise, things were progressing in the same old way. When school closed in June, 1901, there were vague rumors of innovations, and when we returned in September of the same year, we were acquainted with the details of the new plan.

Here are the main features of the new system—little newer to us, of course, than the old would have been. First, the course was to be four, instead of five years—this is the condition upon which we liked to dwell; the selection of certain studies was to be optional; a complete business course was to be added to the curriculum; semi-annual examinations were to be discontinued. The student was to receive a certain number of credits for each subject successfully completed, and one-hundred-and-fifty credits were required for graduation.

We were soon on good terms with the elective system; and, in spite of the fact that the first time one of the older members of the faculty saw the official explanation of the curriculum, he declared, "No one but God and Mr. Van Sickle can understand this thing!"—in spite of the confusion of the first few weeks, when Mr. Soper was pulling his hair, and the fellows were jumping from the College to the business course,—in spite of everything and everybody, matters were smoothly adjusted, our genial president was again wearing his happy smile, and the students were once more hard at work—Oh, yes, we all work hard, for those who do not study are always hard at work inventing original excuses.

We have only the space to call attention to a few of the advantages resulting from this system, but we feel these will suffice to explain why it has risen so high in our estimation during our four years. The change from a five to a



four year course has produced the largest graduating class in the history of the College, three times as large, in fact as the largest of its predecessors. The fact that the study of certain subjects is optional, permits the student to select those which will aid him in his future career. Then the abolishment of semi-annual examinations and the substitution of frequent tests is an excellent improvement. This change is also the means of saving many a white cuff, for, it is reported, at these examinations the students often attempted to cram the contents of an entire history or algebra upon their cuffs. The business course is a splendid thing for those who desire to enter business with something more than the specialized education of the business colleges.

These few examples with the improvements which experience will suggest, are sufficient to prove, that under this excellent system the College is destined to fill a more extended sphere of usefulness; and that such may be the case is the sincere wish of the Class of 1904, the first in the four year course.

Everything counts in making up averages—nothing discounts.

While many of us have no desire to study our lessons, we are ever ready and willing to lessen our studies.

## ATHLETICS.



THE athletic end is one of the most potent factors in our school; indeed, this is true in all preparatory schools and colleges of our country. We see students drawn to Princeton, Harvard, Yale, and other great universities according to the existing condition of athletics there. Nothing will promote the prosperity of a school quicker than a good representation in the various forms of athletics.

Several years ago athletics at our school had degenerated almost to a farce. There was no such thing as unity or system about the college teams, and the "Athletic Association" was merely a name. Games were won and lost by so-called City College teams, which, in reality, were composed of outside players, or, as they are more commonly known, "ringers," who had no connection whatever with the College. Of course, the name of the College suffered from this condition of affairs.

Gradually, however, the students were brought to realize their mistake, and there was a movement for clean and uniform sport. This movement was successfully started and has continued up to the present day, when we can truly say that every man on every City College team is a bona-fide student of the College, and also a member of the Athletic Association. The movement for clean athletics has now reached its culmination on the pinnacle of success. A glance at last season's record will prove that our men stand at the head of their class, and we do not hesitate to attribute this success to the unity of spirit and true sportsmanship in our athletics.

We know several young men who strap their precious books so tight in the afternoon that they can't get them unstrapped until the following morning.

If this is not a university, it is certainly next door to one.

## THE LIBRARY.



BEFORE all institutions questions demanding immediate action arise, and no question is at present deserving of more serious consideration than the opening of the library at the Baltimore City College.

One of the most important functions of any great seat of learning is its library. In it all questions requiring research and investigation, arising under the consideration of any topic, can be settled with the intervention of a very short period of time. But this is not the condition at the "College." We have a library, it is true, but of what use is a closed library? All questions arising for consideration are left for the student to hunt up in his own library, or, that failing, to find wherever he can. Often the information is never found, for at the public libraries some books of research, especially those in history, are not obtainable. Then, again we must consider the time and trouble of securing the desired volumes at the public libraries, whereas, had we a library in operation the students might, during preparation periods, spend their time advantageously by furnishing themselves with subjects on which they desire to enlighten their minds. The debaters from the literary societies could there find material worthy of their consideration; and thus in a thousand and one ways would not only the "College" but the diffusion of knowledge, in general, be advanced. Nor should this position be given to a student of the school, whose mind is filled with other matters of importance, but to an outsider who can be at the library from the time school opens until a reasonable hour in the afternoon.

The disbanding of the Historical Society has been partially attributed to the lack of proper facilities for research, while, at the same time, ponderous volumes of knowledge have been stored away behind the locked doors of the library—and all for the need of a librarian. There is no good reason why a librarian should not be obtained immediately, and it is hoped that the fall following the publication of this book will witness a modern and well-equipped library at the Baltimore City College.

A hair on the head is worth two in the brush.  
Gold is often made out of brass.

## CHANGES AT THE COLLEGE.



THE welfare of every institution of learning, whether collegiate or preparatory, depends in a large measure upon the character of the changes which are made from time to time in the development of the institution. Narrow-minded innovations are worse than useless, just as liberal, far-sighted ones increase the value of the institution. Since the Baltimore City College has enrolled among its students the representative youth of all Baltimore, it will be seen that important transformations here affect in the course of time the people of the whole city.

The effect of the new curriculum upon the school is discussed elsewhere; but another change, affecting the academic work of the school equally as much, is to be noted. Of the many additions which have been made to the faculty during the past three years, the majority are young men who have gradu-



ated from reputable universities. Bringing with them new ideas and new methods of instruction, they have exerted a wholesome influence. They have exhibited a marked feeling of intimacy with the students, who, in their turn, have cordially responded. Thus new life has been instilled into the College, and the tree of knowledge has budded and blossomed.

The series of literary entertainments, continued from year to year, have resulted in the social and literary interest of the school more than is possible simply in the weekly meetings of the societies. The accumulating powers of debate and declamation acquired in these societies demand some public outlet; and this want is satisfied by the monthly entertainments. Although it is true that but few can participate in them, the interest has been by no means confined to any one class or division of the school. For this reason, and also, because the work of the students is thus brought favorably before the public, the success of these entertainments has been assured from the first.

The installation of a well-fitted gymnasium in the College building, with the impetus given to athletics in general, has materially affected every student. Formerly, interest in indoor athletics was manifested only by students who attended other gymnasiums, and by these alone was the athletic end of the school maintained. Today, every student of the school has open to his use a gymnasium, which, if not as large as might be desired, can furnish him with thorough physical exercise. Whether the athletes of the college now make a better showing in athletic games than formerly, is not to be decided here; the best result of the new gymnasium is the increased interest in athletic work by so many students, and their desire both to develop themselves physically and to see the athletic standard of the school advanced.

Thus in these three directions, academic, literary and athletic, have the changes at the City College been so broad and far-reaching that they will have influenced, in a day not far distant, almost the entire population of Baltimore.

To some the door of success says, "push"; to others, "pull".  
Even if the top of the ladder of success is reached, the fire of ambition  
is not necessarily quenched.

## THE JUNIOR CLASS OF 1903.



WITH the Junior Class of 1904 began an evolution in the history of the Baltimore City College. The elective system of studies took effect in September, 1901, and the Junior Class of 1904 was the first to profit by its provisions for a four-year course. Aside from the course of studies, however, the class has attracted notice in many ways. Especially is this to be noted in both the athletic and literary lines. Its men have been prominent in every literary, athletic and musical event of the "College". The class itself has helped greatly to raise the tone of the institution and to bring it into greater prominence. We can freely say that the advent of the Class of 1904 Jr., marked a distinct period of advance in the history of the school.

Success has crowned the efforts of the class everywhere. Its men have proved themselves bright and capable along many lines of work. In the athletic life of the school they have easily gained the foremost position. In the literary happenings how important a part they have played! Leaders in new thoughts, new methods, they have thrown off the mantle of tradition and precedence and have struck out boldly into new and daring departures.



How insignificant would be the musical life of the "College" were it not for the efforts of the men of our class! It was they who made possible an Instrumental Club, who dragged an inoffensive Glee Club from the darkness of oblivion into the pure lime-light of publicity. At present the Class is moving steadily onward, sweeping everything before it, with a constantly increasing train of victories behind it.

In closing it seems almost unnecessary to mention again the work and influence of the class which has had such a wholesome effect upon the life and career of the "College": but look back for a moment; review quickly the four years of its life passed in the institution, and you can hardly refuse to grant it some praise for its efforts in behalf of its Alma Mater. May its future be as bright as its past— if such a thing be possible; and may the memory of the Class of 1904, Jr., linger long in the hearts of its successors!

If you get a swell-head, you'll have to get a new hat.

There's no royal road to learning, but you can get over some pretty rough passages with the aid of a pony.

The following query was received by the Editors some time ago. They have made it almost a fixed rule never to publish such communications but the pertinence of this query has induced them, for once, to break the rule.

The query is signed, "An Anxious Mother," and runs,—

"Is it safe for my son to use the elevator at your College? There have been so many accidents lately on elevators that I should like to be sure of the safety of the one at the College."

Yes, madam, it is perfectly safe to use the College elevator. No expense was spared in its construction to provide for speed, comfort and safety. The running gear is of the finest make, and was installed in our building at the outlay of a large sum of money. There is no possible way for the elevator to break. We wish to make only one request, Madam, and that is, that you tell your son not to use it too often."

You can't lose your temper without losing time.

A striking proof of the fame of our Class was furnished during the Elk's Convention, last year, when all the city was decorated in purple and white.

An old farmer who had driven in from the country, looked with amazement at the decorations and was then heard to exclaim:

"B'gol darn if they aint gone an' decorated the city with the colors of those youngsters at the City College, who, they say, are doin' as much in four years as the older scholars did in five!"

Evidently, a knowledge of this class had penetrated where the Elks are unknown.

Don't crawl, even if you are a book-worm.

Our advice to third-year Classmen is: Don't call the underclassmen infants, babies, and other pet-names; they are apt to become offended at such familiarity. Besides, you will wish to put out a Christmas Play and a Class-book during the next year, and the infants' financial support may not be forthcoming.

Money makes the mare go, and scarcity of it keeps the class treasurer on the move.

We can say on very good authority that the President usually combs his hair with a razor.

Take the advice of the car conductor and "Move up front." There is always plenty of room there.

Appearances are deceitful; Professor Hartman does not live in Anne Arundel.

We have often heard of martyrs to science, but know of only one instance of the science itself being murdered.

The fact that one is built on a large scale has no weight.

The poor we have always with us; likewise the deficient.

When a student yells until he is "horse" he becomes a jackass.

Lots of people are opposed to trusts, but they are ever ready to trust to luck.

The '04, Jr., Classmen can very readily appreciate President Roosevelt's strenuosity,—being a rather strenuous bunch themselves.





As the master industrious switches  
 The seat of a small pair of breeches,  
     He says in his heart,  
     “If the tears I can’t start,  
 I’ll be blamed if I won’t start the stitches!”

On the head of a teacher of Trig,  
 A fly started out for a jig,  
     But he slipped on the ice  
     And just gave this advice,  
 “Use ashes or else get a wig!”

Perhaps you have heard of the hero  
 Who saw the play nightly from B-row,  
     But strange thing to say,  
     Never during the day,  
 Could he get any better than “Zero.”



A youth was required to answer,  
"Now where is the Tropic of Cancer?"  
He thought for a second,  
Then wrote that he reckoned  
"You'll find it the best way you can, sir."

A certain renowned pedagogue  
Went out on a horse for a jogue;  
But somehow or other  
They lost one another,—  
The rider came home "on a hogue."

O'er problems in "Math." like a chamois,  
Skipped someone whose name might be Sammois,  
But he slowed up a bit—  
No solution could hit  
Of that tough proposition, our Hammois.

I knew a young fellow in German,  
As slick as the late Dr. Herrmann;  
But once when in doubt  
He blurted right out,  
"I say, what's the text of the sermon?"

A modest young student of Greek,  
Whose voice had a laughable squeak,  
Replied to a jeer,  
"My voice is quite clear,—  
But the language is very antique."

At the close of a lecture prolific  
In terms of a length quite terrific,  
I heard a long yawn  
And a voice, "Is it dawn?  
That lecture was so Soperific!"



## Fables.



Once in a day not long past, there dwelt in our midst "One," who spent his days in idleness and his nights in various parlors.

"What's the difference? "quoth he," there's more than one way to pass an exam."

And the days went, and the "test" came, and to it came that "One" with a head full of nothing, but a pocket full of information.

Very simple would it be, to transfer from one paper to another, his store of hasty knowledge—so simple, indeed, that he took small pains to write the original document legibly, thus necessitating a closer examination. It was in the midst of this more minute examination that two hands descended rapidly from above, and, seizing the two papers, tore them into bits.

Two minutes later, the "One" had recovered sufficiently to recognize the professorial hand in the final flourish of a "D" behind his name.

Moral —An ounce of knowledge in the head is worth a pound in the pocket.

---

A certain budding youth, who had just entered "college," was impressed by the imposing appearance of his instructors.

"O that I had such perfection, such immensity of form," sighed he again and again, till, at length a ray of hope dawned upon him.

"Perhaps I can cultivate it, as they have done; but how did they do it?" he pondered. "Not in the gymnasium; certainly not at the boarding-house table—ah, I have it! 'Tis knowledge, noble knowledge, which swells their mighty forms. I, too, will acquire the swelling knowledge of my idols."

Straightway he plunged deep into his studies, digging and grinding for all he was worth, day after day, night after night, till he was wasted to a shadow.

Then he woke up and stopped working; and—lo and behold—in no time he waxed exceeding fat even unto dime-museum size.

Moral —Don't take every hump for a knot of muscle.

This earth was once blessed with a youth who had an idea that he was a poet of the first water. He began to wear his hair in long graceful tangles and frequently omitted shaving. He spouted continually about the music of the spheres, about the budding blossoms of the bright and beauteous spring, and his stock took a decided rise in the estimation of the people. Having worked this bluff as far as it would go, he fell into a pipe-dream that an immortal poetic effusion would lead him far up the pike to success.

Deluded animal! He tried it, and, after consuming two quires of paper, a bottle of ink, fifty minutes and no brain, issued forth with a flowery-diction production labeled "A Poem." Aiming, as he did, always at the greatest good, he determined to present his master-stroke directly to the masses. Accordingly, he sent it, carefully packed, to a great daily, and went into joyful spasms when he received a check for it.

How he kept his eye open for its appearance,—a whole page, perhaps, accompanied by an extravagant editorial on its style. When he seized upon the paper on the following Sunday, there it was! Where? Among the comics, under the head of curiosities.

Moral —Come off the roof.

---

A juvenile genius who was just dawning on the scene of learning was almost quenched when there came to his ears tales of the straight faces and close mouths kept by certain evil-doers during the investigations of the king. When he came to he made a mental resolve to adopt a higher standard of morals.

So, when Mr. Genius got mixed up in a plot to give a professor several mice for a birthday gift, a simple appeal to his moral sense elicited a confession, and a light punishment resulted. "Verily," affirmed the youth, "truth is a good thing,"—and he patted himself on the shoulder.

Again he became implicated in a professor affair, just for fun, of course, and again did he plead guilty. Then he had a second awakening; he was told to make himself scarce until the king should have an interview with the governor.

Moral —Good resolutions die young.



Three youths upon entering the frowning portals of the College, beheld at the gate a man of much dignity and girth.

"Please, sir, can you tell us where to go to register?" came a trembling chorus.

"Three flights up to the right," growled the ruler of the lower regions.

Watching the fast disappearing forms, he indulged in his own patented face-contortion.

Soon, lo and behold, down the stairs came those selfsame three trembling "freshies," reenforced by two timid compatriots. Like a funeral train they approached and said in whispered chorus,—

"Please, sir, can you"—

"Three flights up to the right," shrieked "his nibs."

"But we only"—

"Three flights up to the"—

But the three broke and ran,—ran up the steps, never looking back, into the Assembly Hall, and registered for the second time.

Between breaths they gasped,—

"We only—wanted—to see—the—Gym!"

Moral — BEWARE!

---

A real fresh Freshie with a holy horror of buns began his career by joining three societies and by eating soup, cocoa, and ice cream at recess.

When at the end of a month he had met three treasurers, he felt rather dizzy, and concluded that he was flying too high. Indeed, Mamma detected signs of impending panic in the blue eyes, accompanied by alarming depression of funds.

A compromise was in order,—and Johnny Fresh had soup for lunch.

The acquaintance with the three treasurers continued, and they introduced Johnny to several nice fellows with tickets to sell. He thought it wise to humor them, and,—incidentally—to arrange a second compromise.

He dined on buns thereafter.

Moral — Henry Clay was a great man.

Once upon a time four-thousand cubic centimeters of albumin, fibrin and conceit were fused together and the resultant mass was labeled, "Embryo Magister" and sent to the shelves until the spectroscope indicated an infinitesimal disappearance of green. Then it was added to the College museum where it excited not a little discussion. Some students claimed that under the microscope a few stray touches of innocent white were visible, but the majority gave this idea the merry Ha-ha!

When the specimen had been at the museum about steen months, an object of awe and pity to a few young hopefuls, and when it had received the glad clinch and the sudden smile from the janitor, it began to expand with importance under its deep verdancy, and to look down compassionately on the pale green of the little Ciceros about its feet.

But one day as it was exhibiting itself in the lunch-hall, an aged egg met its hair-cut!

"Eureka!" cried the villain. "It looks yellow, it feels blue, consequently, it must be green!"

Moral —Everybody is not color-blind.

---

An innocent young professor, who tripped gaily along the paths of knowledge, was delegated to turn aside and promenade the campus for a half hour at high noon.

Even in that unholy place of condensed ignorance and crime his high and noble thoughts did not desert him; for, in the very midst of foolish jabbering crowds, he walked absorbed, lost in the study and pursuit of fleeting fame.

And the scum of the earth perceived his meditative mood and laid their plans accordingly.

And now when the dreamer of dreams had almost overtaken the elusive fame in sweet fancy, and when he was about to seize and strain her to his bosom, a howling mob of common-people appeared and swept the goddess violently away—and he awoke with a start to gaze upon the horrors of a full-fledged rush. To look was all that he could do without danger of losing his dignity and his hat.

But when time had oiled the troubled waters he sailed in boldly and captured a straggler to hale before the king as a proof of his watchfulness.

Moral —(to Profs.)—Come early and avoid the rush.

(to students)—Go early and escape consequences.

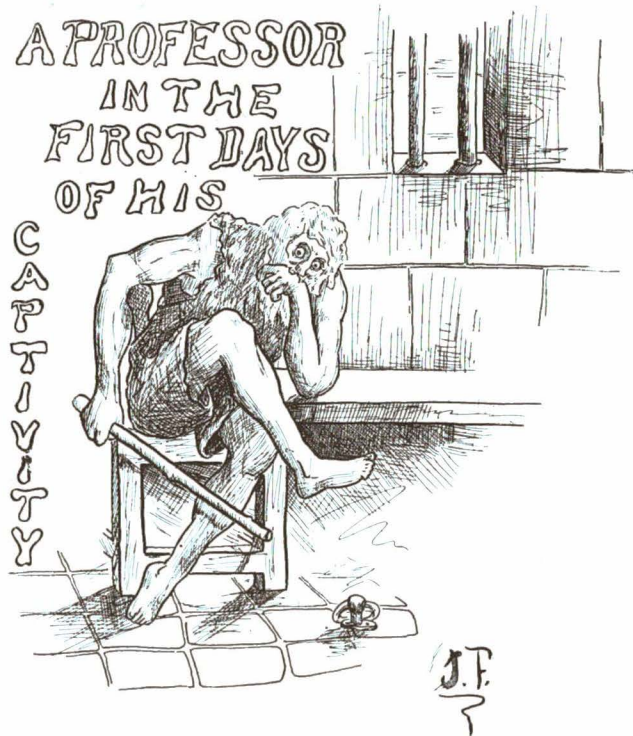
Not so long ago a youth with a preponderance of brain went to College. Though his success was immediate, he had one fault; he was continually shooting off his mouth about his talent.

He became a member of every society and club in sight. In short, he was the chief gazabo of the College. All his honors but served to make him the more boastful, and he continued to sound forth his own praise daily.

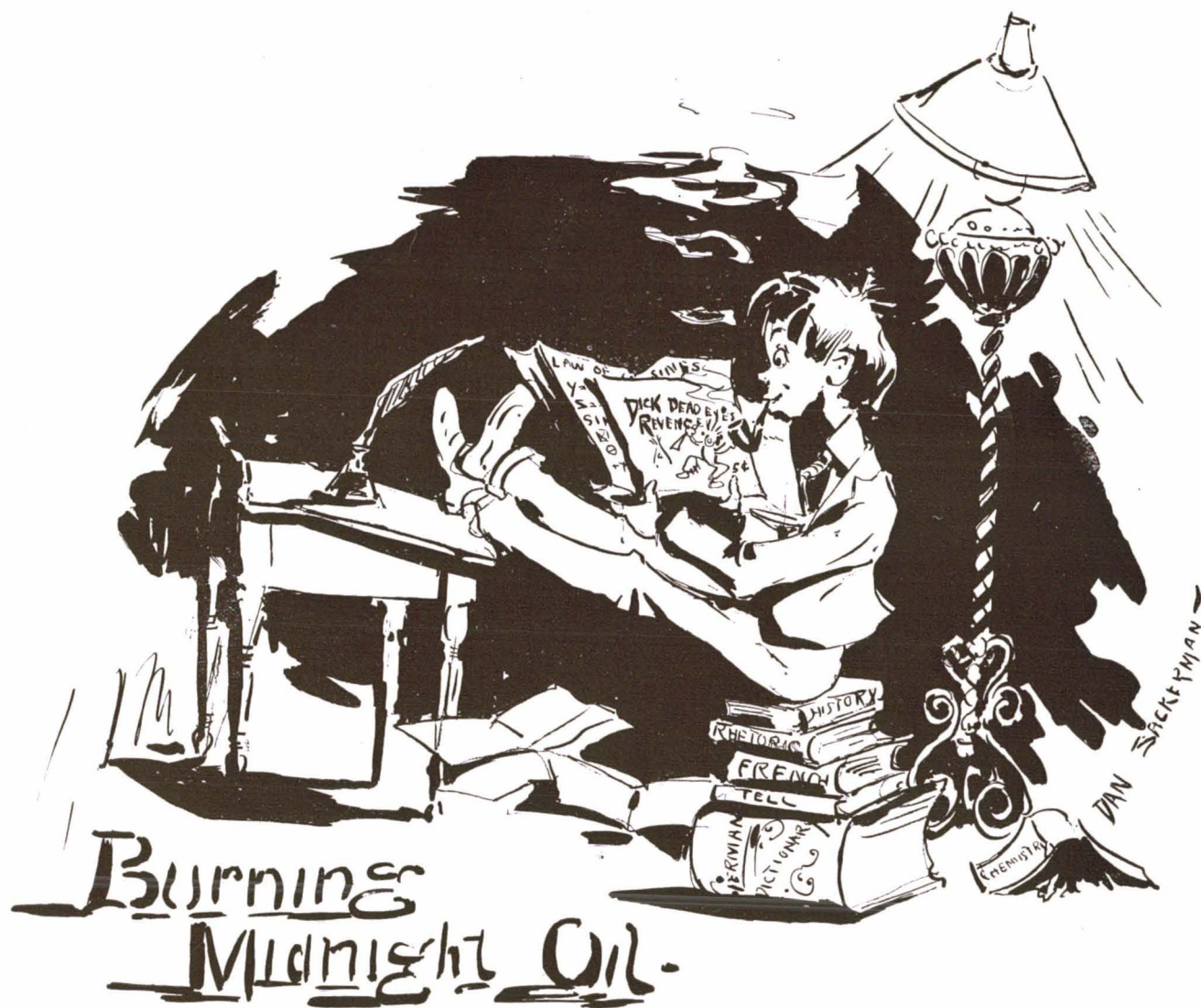
Now, into his class there came a silent man of mediocre mind and wise look. He joined no societies, refused all offers of office in his class, and, in his heart of hearts, marvelled at the nerve of the main guy.

And a great clamor burst out in the school, and the long-suffering class-mates of the boaster rose in their wrath and squelched him; and in his place they exalted him of the silence and the wise look, bowing low before him as the real thing.

Moral—Look wisely for it.

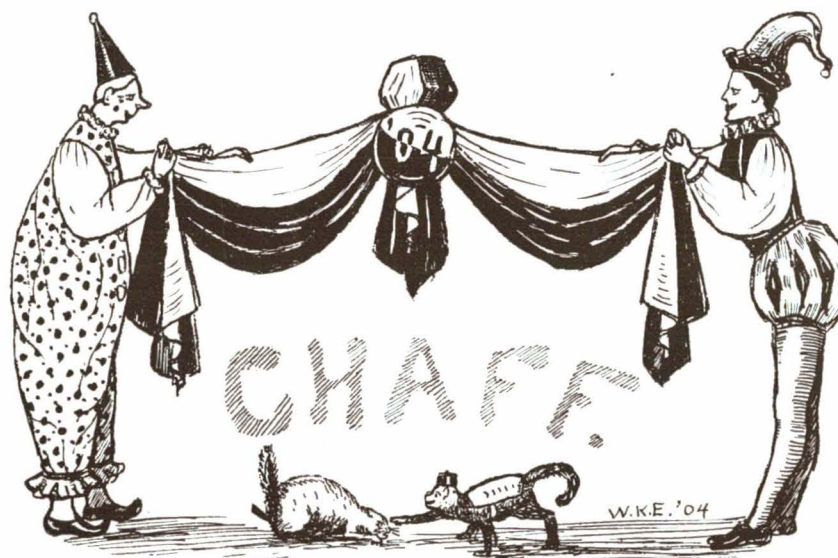






Burning  
Midnight Oil.

DAN JACKMAN



Professor (quoting from Shelley) —“The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.”

Voice —“Have you studied much, Professor?”

Professor (History) —“We now come to a stormy reign.”

Voice—“And I ain’t got no car-fare!”

Second Voice —“O, thunder!”

First Student —“Did you get that question?”

Second Student —“No; but I came very near it.”

First Student —“Huh! That’s nothing; I’ve been right up against it all day!”

The Lord took mud, the Lord took clay,  
And then a tuft of hair;  
He mixed them in an artful way  
To make our Joseph Wear.

Professor (reading from "Paradise Lost.") — "Where have we come across another allusion to opening gates?"

Class — "The gates of Hell!"

Voice — "They are always open."

Professor — "Just like some people's mouths."

---

"What we want," said the losing politician to a friend, "is a new platform for the party. Something original, — quite out of the ordinary, and I can't see how we are to get one."

"Use a few School-Boards," said a friend, and in a few minutes the cops came.

---

"Ah!" sighed the pessimist, "Trouble may be found even in the dictionary!"

---

One Freshman — "What makes you think that he is a good professor?"

Another — "He has not yet told us so."

---

"Is that fellow all right in his dome? Look how he clutches that nickel and keeps holding it out before him."

"Oh, he's all right; that's only a habit he acquired at the City College lunch-counter."

---

When the head of a pin from the seat of a boy  
Has naught but a bench to conceal it,  
It's twenty to one that he wont see the point,—  
But it's fifty to one that he'll feel it!





## The Ballad of Joseph T. Ware.



THIS is the ballad of Joseph T. Ware,  
The boy with the hair and the monocle stare,  
Who made quite a hit with the College at large  
By means of his frequent and sounding discharge  
Of his mouth in a way, I am perfectly sure,  
With regard to explosions they call "premature."

Did I say made a hit?

That is rating it low;

To tell you the truth—

'Twas a clean knock-out-blow,

And as such it affected the head of poor "Joe."

"Joe" had the face of an angel—but hold!

Of two kinds of angels you may have been told;

It's useless to mention the kind, you can guess

For yourself in a tenth of a second or less.

With such a condition no wonder there rose,

Between Joseph's chin and the tip of his nose,  
A dispute, about nothing, yet so highly heated,  
His chin, as a measure of caution, retreated;  
His nose then advanced, and the movement, repeated,  
Was rapidly leaving him no chin at all,  
When, suddenly, right in the midst of the brawl,  
His mouth interposed, called a halt then and there,  
Saying, "None of your fighting while I'm in the chair,  
For I represent Mr. Joseph T. Ware!"

Thus peace was restored on the features of "Joe,"  
But peace could his mind never afterward know;  
For his mouth, once secure in control of his face,  
Felt the throes of ambition and entered the chase  
After fame and renown at a terrible pace—  
A pace that quite distanced the rest of the field,  
And filled them with envy, at most ill-concealed.  
In debate, in discussion, his voice could be heard,  
On subject of moment, or question absurd,—  
Whatever the cost he would have the first word;  
And, having the first, still about him would cast  
For a chance to obtain both the first and the last.

Higher in councils, his voice became known  
And admired for its pure and voluminous tone—  
Did any young scoffer give vent to a groan?  
Your pardon, dear friends, my ear was at fault;  
I was going to say, just before the last halt,  
That "Joe" in his mouth soon discovered a key  
To admit him, O joy, to the powers that be,  
To admit him so far in their councils that he  
Was selected by them to orate on a day  
When the College assembled its honor to pay  
To something or someone whose wonderful powers,  
Suffice it to say, kept us three mortal hours.

When the hour of his trial at length was at hand,  
With a heart full of pride he ascended the stand;  
For a moment he gazed, then he opened his face  
And uttered a word with an "ah!" of such grace,  
That the College before him for two minutes after

Applauded and clapped, while it smothered its laughter.  
Again he began with a sane word or two,  
When the "ah!" now repeated, awakened anew  
The applause, which continued much louder and longer.  
Yet "Joe" felt the need of a hint somewhat stronger,  
And waited for silence with patience sublime  
While the College applauded him, time after time.  
Becoming exhausted, they finally ceased,  
And "Joe," who had never been phased in the least,  
Continued to give to the very last word  
A speech they remembered as long as they heard.  
Though the storm burst again at the end, as expected,  
The orator gazed, with his head high erected,  
About on the scene, not the least bit affected ;—  
And now they all censure the man who invented  
A brass of such strength that it cannot be dented.





## The Beauties of Science.



all filed into the room, and, after stopping a while to examine some of the minerals lying on the table, to admire the colors and odors of the liquids in the several flasks, and to look through the polariscope once or twice, finally wandered to our seats. The doctor came in, closing the door behind him, took his seat in the chair, and leaned back against the table. We knew by this that some kind of speech was forthcoming.

We had not long to wait.

"Now boys," began the doctor, "do you see the apparatus before you on the table? It is a very expensive one, and has been provided for you by the city, at the outlay of a considerable sum of money. I want to impress upon all of you the expensiveness of these most delicate instruments. You do not seem to realize their enormous cost and the consequent necessity for extremely careful handling. Young men, in all my experience of forty-nine years in the laboratory, I have not yet broken a dozen test-tubes. Remember the importance of manipulation. Manipulation is the most scientific part of chemistry. As soon as we are able to manipulate skillfully, we may consider ourselves successful students of chemistry. Now observe closely while I heat some hydrochloric acid in a test-tube. Notice every detail."

The doctor arose, and, after pouring a little of the acid into a test-tube, lit a Bunsen burner, and proceeded to heat the solution. By mischance the flame of the burner came in contact with his hand, and, naturally, in the excitement of the moment, the test-tube fell on the table and broke.

"Young men," exclaimed the doctor, "this is the first time such a thing has happened in all my experience in the laboratory! The glass in that test-tube must have been of inferior quality!"

We nudged each other as the doctor resumed his seat.

"This is a very interesting lesson to-day, boys, although several things in it will have to remain unexplained until later on. These points will then be illustrated for you by means of stereoptican views, thrown over yonder on a screen which Mr. Robb and I will prepare. After that this matter will appear much clearer to you."

"About when will that be, doctor?" inquired an innocent.

"Come to me after school and I will tell you," replied the doctor. "Now, don't forget; if you fail to report this afternoon, you shall come every day for a week. We shall now proceed with the lesson."

"Oh, by the way, I have something to show you—Robb! Oh, Robb!—someone tell Robb to come here!"

Mr. Robb glided in on tip-toe, with his usual-lamb-like look of a martyr to science.

"Robb, bring that piece of hippopotamite from the room there; I want to show it to these young men."

Mr. Robb found the required article, and the doctor began:

"Boys, you see this piece of hippopotamite. Well, it was made years ago by three of my students. All have since made their mark in the world. Brown is a well-known lawyer down in Tampa, I think; Smith has a splendid

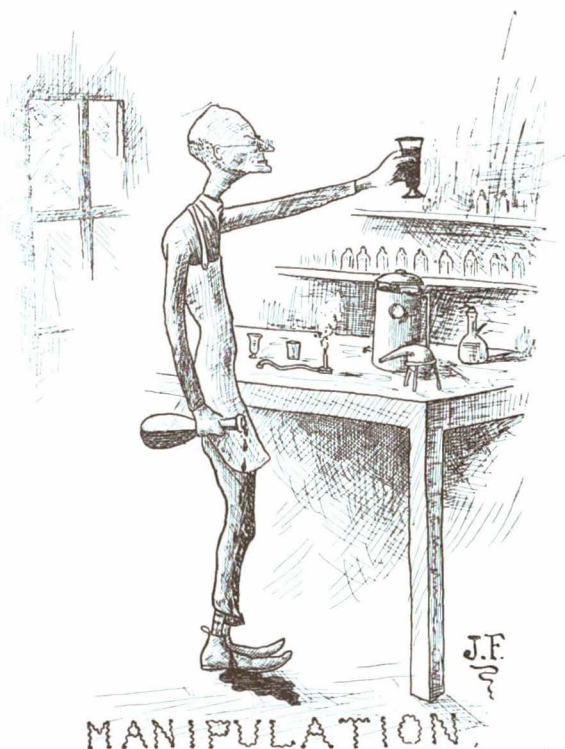
position in Highlandtown; and Jones is a prominent and wealthy business man of Denver. Jones was here not long ago, and called to see me. 'Doctor Clarke,' he said, 'I cannot tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for me. My study of chemistry under you became the foundation of my immense wealth.' And, what is more, he is not the only one, by any means; for, on an average, each week, at least four of my former students drop in to thank me heartily for the benefits derived from my teaching. I tell you, you don't appreciate the chemistry you learn from me until you go elsewhere."

Here a loud smile was heard.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed the doctor. "You fellows haven't the slightest indication of respect! All you want to do is to sit and giggle! I'll teach you manners, if I have to break up the school to do it! Upon my word, if it were not for the desire of some of you to go to that big university yonder, I would give up in disgust. You don't show a particle of gratitude! Here I am;—eat a little piece of toast the size of your thumb for breakfast—walk up here—classes coming, classes going all the time—don't get a chance to rest till after the last gong strikes. Teaching hard all day long—am so wearied can scarcely collect my thoughts. When I leave here; go staggering to the club (where I live)—drink a glass of milk, the first thing to reach my stomach since breakfast—read a little while until supper—eat half a pork-chop and retire. Spending my entire existence in teaching you fellows, who show no gratitude in return! Indeed, it's a wonder I don't go crazy. I expect to die in this chair some day!"

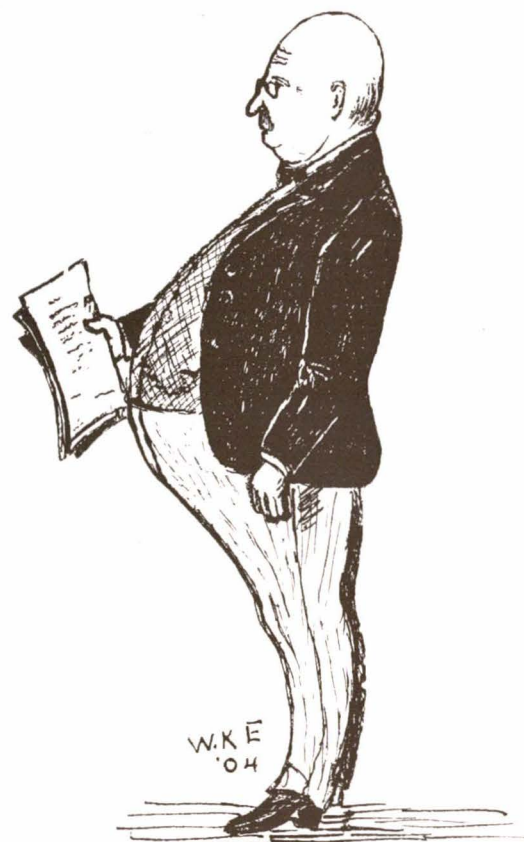
The doctor finally cooled down and became more quiet.

"Boys, that substance I have just showed you is extremely dangerous. If the thousandth part of a gram of it came in contact with the minutest quantity of water, the concussion would blow the College down to Fayette Street! You should be very careful how you handle such compounds," he added, as he laid the hippopotamite right on a wet spot! We held our breath in horror, powerless to move or speak, awaiting the dreadful upheaval which would transfer us at least to Lexington Street! And he, poor man, going to his doom, carelessly, thoughtlessly! O, could he not perceive by our pale, drawn faces, with set jaws and starting eyes,—could he not perceive his frightful peril! We closed our eyes to shut out the horrible sight,—a moment—a second—and—the bell rang.





Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.  
— Macbeth.



If all flesh were as grass,  
What a lovely hay-stack.



## Mr. Dooley at the B. C. C.



He takes a look at the wonderful institution.

(With apologies to Mr. Dunne.)



"ID ye iver go t' skule?" asked Mr. Hennessy, lighting his pipe.

"Wanst," responded Mr. Dooley. "'Twas th' mos' haythinish place I iver seen, an' I won't go there agin. Iv all th' loonatic asylums, it takes th' cake."

"What skule was it?" chimed in Mr. Hennessy.

"'Twas t' th' City College I was, Hinnessy," said he, "th' big rid buildin' with the frunt an th' side. 'Tis a foine place intirely, but I won't go there agin."

"Whin I walked in, I seen a grate big hippypotymus standin' in frunt iv me. 'What do ye want?' says he. 'To come in,' says I. 'Ye mus' get a pass,' says he. 'D'ye think I'm a railroad manag'r?' says I. 'I dunno', says he. 'Well, take a seegar,' says I, 'an' thin he was swate as poie.

"We started up th' stairs together an' whin we got up wan flight he says t' me. 'Now, be quite, an' look in here.' "

"That I did; an' may I niver live t' see light, if I didn't think I was in a cr-razy house f'r sure. They was th' fooniest lookin' man a-standin' there, holdin' a big miss iv boogs, laves an' Hivin knows what. They was a grate big hoonk iv ice a-hangin' fr'm th' ceilin', an' a lot iv wheels an' other outlan'ish things strung aroun'. In frunt iv the foony man was some seats like thim in th' theayter, an' sittin' in thim was a boonch iv kids a-lookin' at th' boss."

" 'Thim's frishmin,' says me frien'. 'Frishmin?' says I, 'is that why ye have th' ice?' "

"We lift this part iv' th' buildin', an' wint up another flight iv stairs. (I suppose th' illivator wasn't runnin'.) Whin we got up there, me frien' tuk me throu'h a big hall, an' whin we got t' th' ind, I was scart purty bad."

"An wan side o' me, I heard a screechin', like a lot iv ol' maids at a sewin' cloob. 'What the divvle's that?' says I. 'Don't be scart,' says he, 'tis on'y th' gradchuatin' class recitin' their German lesson.' "

"But that wasn't all, Hinnessy. Oh, no! Whin I turned me head, I grabbed f'r me watch; f'r there was an ol' chap, who, I suppose, had lost his pocketbuk, an instid iv callin' f'r th' poolis, he stud there a-yellin' at th' top

iv his voice, 'Robbed, Robbed!' (Robb, Robb), as if anywan cart if he was robbed. Prisintly a young fellow, who might 'ave been a detective come up an' says, 'Well, Docthor, what kin I do f'r ye?' 'Docthor,' says I 't mesilf. 'I thought 'twas th' head keeper!' "

"I seen me frien' turrrn up his nose, an' dirickly I smilt th' stinkinest smell I iver heard tell iv. It was r-rotten. It smilt like r-rotten eggs boilt in condinsed milk an' fried in soap."

"That's kimicals,' says me frien'." " 'Kimicals?' says I, 'Let's go an 'ave a dhrink. 'Tis a ghrand place, but I'd rather luk at it fr'm th' outside.' "

"Did ye go?" asked Mr. Hinnissy.

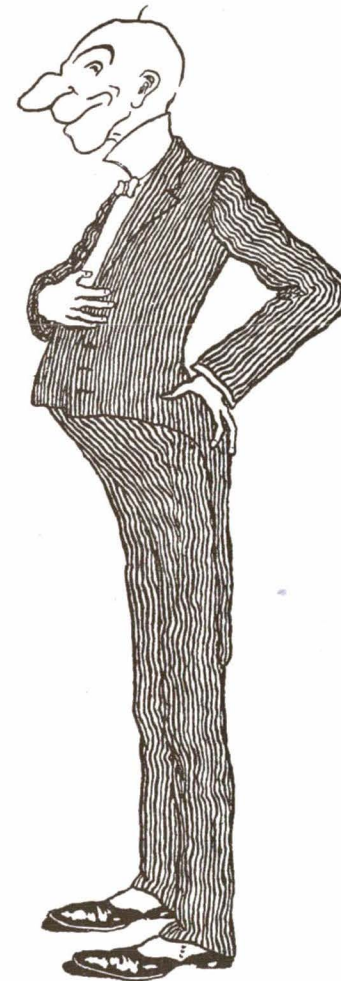
"Yis," said Mr. Dooley, "t' th' loonch count'r."



I'm a professor,  
The happy possessor  
    Of rivers of knowledge  
        And so forth;  
The wisdom and glory  
Of my upper story  
    To youths of the College  
        Doth flow forth.

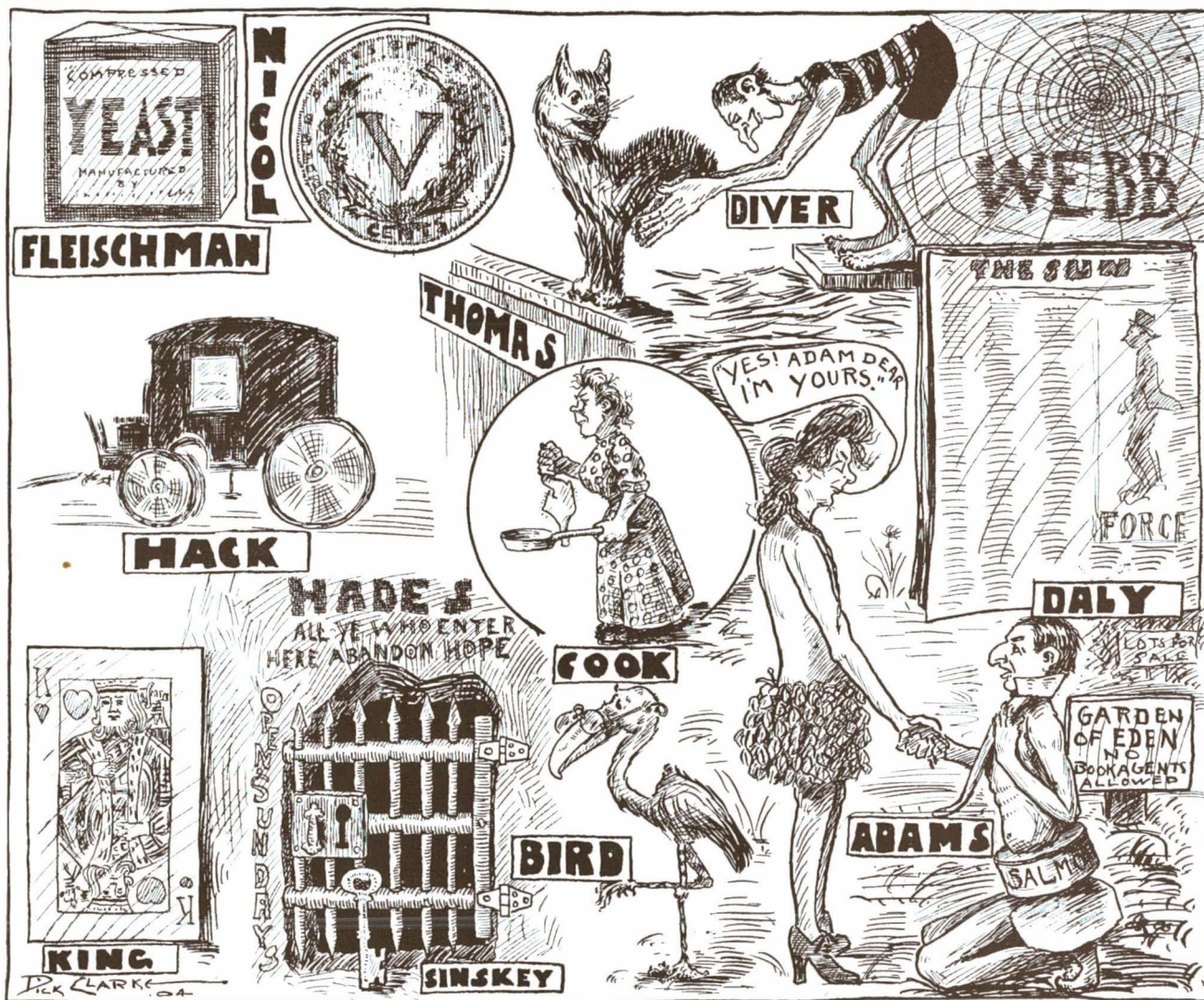
Mark the inanity,  
Hopeless insanity,  
    Ever attending  
        My features;  
Ask as a dutiful  
Friend of the beautiful  
    Whence are descending  
        Such creatures.

Yet my condition  
Fits the position,  
    Say I, to such as  
        Deride it;  
Search my head ever  
In it you'll never  
    Find just as much as  
        Outside it!



J.G. Phillips - 1904.





# Mein Lieber Herr.



A 2 ACT MUSICAL COMEDY.

By the Author of  
"Friedrich Barbarosso," "Shingle Seats," etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mein Lieber Herr.

Schmidt. }  
O'Toole. } Freshmen and bitter enemies.

Major }  
Jimmie. } Juniors, friends of Schmidt and Mein Lieber Herr.

Silber—messenger—Junior.

Students—A considerable number, mostly Freshmen.

## ACT I.

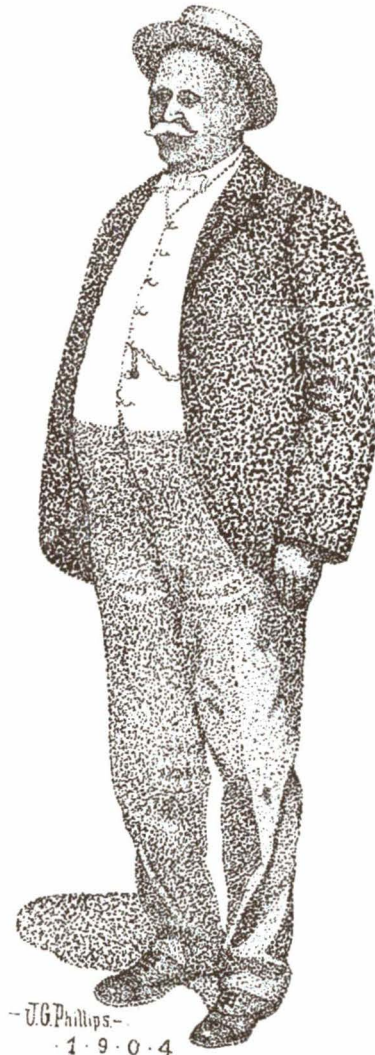
SCENE—I.

(Campus, Baltimore City College. Time 12.30. Enter Mein Lieber Herr, black suit, abbreviated red tie, mouse-colored derby, yellow shoes).

Advances and sings.

I'm the sport who runs this show;  
I am it I'll have you know;  
I, myself, assume the weight,  
And the cares of public state.

All I have to do, in truth,  
Is to teach the rising youth  
How to read a German phrase,  
In the space of "fourteen days."



-J.G. Phillips.-  
1904



Being thus from labor free,  
Everything I oversee;  
Nothing, be it low or high,  
Shall escape my eagle eye.

Just at present I am out,  
On a self-appointed scout—  
It's a quite extensive job,  
Keeping down the student mob!

(retires to the right.)

(Enter Major and Jimmie (left)—in a warm argument).

Major. His noble race and age forbid the thought;  
For, who will cry injustice to a prince,  
A German prince of sacred ancient time?

Mein L. H. (aside)—How well he speaks!

Jimmie (louder)— More reason that he be  
Prompt and severe in punishment of crime,  
If only to support—

Major (very loud) Was it a crime  
To strike a fool who dared defy his lord?

M. L. H. (nearer)—Aha! It smacks of olden time!

Jimmie It was  
As much a crime as if I struck Mein Herr  
And broke his head. But, still, and mark the thought  
That sits upon his brow in wrinkles deep;  
Could he give but a thought to this our cause,  
I'll warrant right would triumph.

Major Right you are!  
Excuse, Mein Herr, intrusion on your time,  
If we submit to you, impartial judge,  
A point at issue here.

M. L. H. (pretended abstraction)—Eh, what was that?

Jimmie Mein Herr, we beg that you decide our case.

M. L. H. (curiously)—What case?





Silber (outside) —Here comes Mein Herr, look out!

Third Freshman (on inside)                      Get up! quick boys!

(Schmidt and O'Toole scramble to their feet, but cannot escape through the crowd). (Mein Lieber Herr running).

M. L. H. Allay! thou rotten howling mob!! Now scat!!!

(Bursts through crowd and seizes fighters)

(To Schmidt —O wretch! O villain! thou shalt sweat for this!

(To O'Toole)—And thou, likewise, demoralized, decayed!

I scarce have turned my back before you yell

Or rush or fight,—and all to worry me,

On whom the welfare of the school depends.

Now, forward, march! before the king you go,—

I hope he throws you out upon the street!

(exit with prisoners).

#### MAJOR AND JIMMIE.

Major (gloomily) —I don't see why they failed to get away!

We held Mein Herr until they had begun;

In spite of all our efforts, they are lost,

If once His Highness gets them in his hands.

Jimmie: But while the "if" remains we wont despair.

(Enter quartet of Freshmen singing).

Farewell! Farewell! Mein Lieber Herr!

Farewell! Farewell! Mein Lieber Herr!

How can we bear to know thee;

One parting pie we'll throw thee—

We care not what it cost us,

Although our lives be lost us—

Farewell! Farewell! Mein Lieber Herr!

Farewell! Farewell! Mein Lieber Herr!

(Curtain).

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

(Rear of a class-room. Time 2.15. Major seated by himself studying. Enter Jimmie; takes seat beside Major).

Jimmie 'Tis said the King sits not upon his throne!  
If that be true we still may hope to aid  
Our friend. Already I have sent a spy  
To learn the truth, and here he now returns.

### SILBER.

Silber (whispers) —The King, in truth, is gone; the coast is clear;  
Within the royal chamber sit the two,  
And fear that every footstep brings their doom.

Jimmie O joy! Good luck is with us in the end!  
Now, Silber, you will ask to be excused;  
Then, go delay the King should he arrive,  
While we perfect a plan to free friend Schmidt—  
But wait and take the note I write to him.

(Writes thoughtfully, folds and hands to Silber).  
Now go in haste and give this to our friend,  
And say that if he follows its advice—  
No matter what his feelings or his pride—  
Free will he be to go upon his way,  
And high in favor will he ever stand.

(exit Silber).

Major But what is this—I do not comprehend.

Jimmie (laughs) —Of course you don't; but wait until the end.  
(Street-piano, outside, strikes up "Mr. Dooley.")



(JIMMIE SINGS.)

And so the two are sitting in the final judgment room,  
While every passing footstep seems to sound their early doom;  
No doubt they think we've left them without a further care,  
But when the moment comes to act they'll find that we are there.

O Mr. Soper! O Mr. Soper!  
A friend of mine on you must make a call;  
But if, however, he works it clever,  
You'll never lay your eyes on him at all!

(exeunt).

SCENE II.

(Chamber of the King. Time 2.30 Schmidt and O'Toole on opposite sides of room, with back toward each other. Enter Silber, hands note to Schmidt, whispers to him—exit hastily. Schmidt reads, looks out of the window thoughtfully, rises, and crosses to O'Toole and lays the note before him. O'Toole reads, then looks inquiringly at Schmidt.)

Schmidt. If you're agreed we'll try Mein Lieber Herr?  
O'Toole (loftily) It's all the same to me.  
Schmidt I hear his step.  
(pockets note, back to other side).

MEIN LIEBER HERR.

M. L. H. Where is my lord, the King?  
Schmidt (sullenly) I cannot tell.  
M. L. H. (at the desk) —Now tell us how you dared to break the rules  
By such a common, rowdy act as this  
Of fighting here within these virgin walls.  
(A pause).

(To O'Toole) —Come, sir, what can you say in your defence?  
O'Toole (defiantly) —He struck me first!  
Schmidt (muttering) But what was that you said?  
O'Toole—I only said, "The Kaiser is a fool" !!!

(Mein Lieber Herr gasps, but finally calms himself).

M. L. H. Is that the worst he said?

Schmidt Aint that enough?

(A longer pause).

M. L. H. (to O'Toole) — You broke no rule, and you may go your way.

(aside) O don't I wish I had you in my grip!

(aloud) I hope to have you with me soon.

O'Toole Oh, thanks! (exit).

(Mein Lieber Herr goes to door, looks carefully up and down, then returns and, with a smile, extends his hand).

M. L. H. (shaking hands) — You rogue, you; what's your name?

Schmidt John Schmidt.

M. L. H. Related to the Schmidt of—

(Enter Major and Jimmie, smiling).

Well, my lads?

Jimmie (winks at Schmidt) — The matter of the prince—

M. L. H. I said 'twas just—

Jimmie (aside)—Indeed!

M. L. H. (dismissing them) — But come to me some other time—

I must remain alone with this my friend.

Both Most honored and most honest sir, farewell! (exeunt).

M. L. H. (aside) — The smirking villains!

(aloud) They are clever youths.

And now, mein alter Freund, Herr Doktor Schmidt,

Related to the Schmidt of '69?

Schmidt. His son.

M. L. H. I knew it! just the same as he

In face and figure—how's your father now?

'Tis many years since we have met, so give

To him my best regards and say, besides,

You're doing, or will do your German well.

(Jimmie sings outside).

O Mr. Soper! O Mr. Soper!

A friend of mine on you must make a call;

But if, however, he works it clever,

You'll never lay your eyes on him at all.

M. L. H. What rascal dares to sing within these halls?

And such a song without a grain of sense!

Schmidt (solemnly) —Without a single grain!

M. L. H. Among ourselves,

The door post you and I will sing a verse—

I mean a strophe—which, though short, will show

The double-wonder of this world below.

(Lock arms and sing).

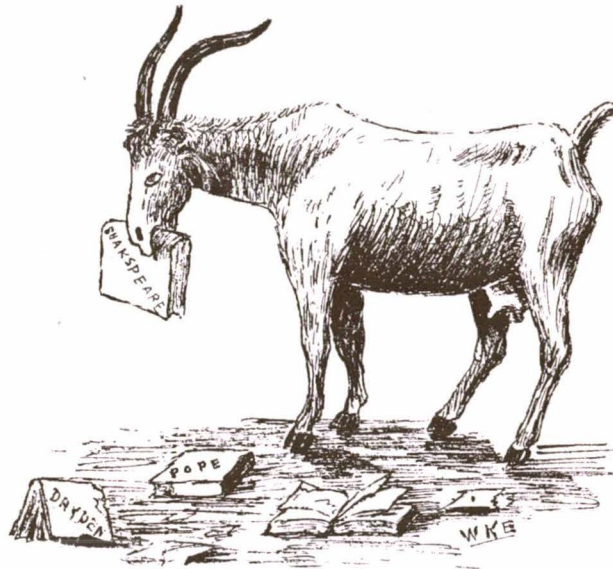
O Mr. Soper! O Mr. Soper!

You're wise as any mortal man can be;

But one is wiser—and he's the Kaiser,

Afar across the sea in German—ee.

(Curtain.)



Intent on Devouring the Classics.



## The Football Girl.



The Football Girl remains beyond the season,  
A flower ever-blooming in the field ;  
An everlasting goal for him whose reason  
Escapes the fate to which his bones must yield.

With megaphone and loyal-colored banner  
She smiles upon the player at his art,  
And though he lose an ear in any manner,  
He's overpaid in winning back a heart.

Her presence ever animates the hero,  
Her absence seems to him a horrid dream ;  
To-day his hopes have fallen down to zero,  
To-morrow they will disappear in steam.

Although the men are called "a bunch of stayers,"  
The short and stormy season soon departs ;  
And many shall be called "the king of players,"  
But she remains forever queen of hearts.



Baltimore, March 23, 1914.

Dearest James —

There is an old saying that, "Times change and we change with them," and I might well add, so do schools.

Today I visited our Alma Mater, and hence this epistle.

I arrived at the dear old building about noon and met our mutual friend, Mr. Hennick, standing at the door. He is the same old Hennick, as corpulent as of old. When he had recognized me, he asked if I should like to look around. I acquiesced and we set out.

We walked over to the lunch hall and I saw that recess was in progress. My guide had scarcely opened the door when two or three little "tackers," about seven years of age, doffed their hats with a "Good morning, professor." I was astounded, but kept my peace, for stranger things were attracting my attention.

James, old man, you wouldn't know the place. At first I thought I was dreaming, but soon realized I was very much awake, when our old Teutonic professor, who had charge of the yard, espied me and came forward.

After shaking hands he turned around and clapped his hands. Immediately, all talking ceased, lunches disappeared and I was confronted by a throng of solemn faced cherubs, whose ages averaged six years. They were drawn up in eleven or twelve lines, with a nurse assigned to every ten boys.

"They are so obedient," remarked the old professor, and I could not but smile, when I thought of an Arbor Day celebration we had in the days of yore.

"Now boys," said the professor, "this is a former pupil of the school."

"We are very, very glad to see you sir," came the thrilling response.

Could this be the City College? thought I. Surely I had run into some kindergarten or home for imbecile children. But there was Mr. Hennick, and our beloved old preceptor, and with reluctance I was forced to admit the frightful truth.

I said, you wouldn't know the place, James, and I must repeat it; such a transformation I have never beheld anywhere.

The lunch counter, as it stood in our time, has been removed and a stand, nearly three feet high, has taken its place; the waste baskets, of which Mein Lieber Herr was so proud, have been cut down to one half their former height. Until this innovation was introduced, "les enfants" used step-ladders. The benches around the side of the hall are gone, and in their places stand rows of high chairs; the bulletin board has disappeared; and I understand that there are no more societies, because the darling boys would have to miss their afternoon naps, if they stayed after school to attend meetings. The Athletic Association is no more, and "I spy" takes the place of basket ball. Imagine Dan and Arthur playing this innocent game.



Wondering whether any of the old customs had survived, I asked one little tot if they still used ponies there. He informed me that, for transportation they ordinarily used perambulators, but there were lots of hobby horses up in the nursery. There is, however, quite an assortment of cribs in the nursery, which is located in the old gymnasium.

After recess was over, Mr. Hennick suggested that we walk through the school. He informed me that Mr. Wright and our dear old Wilbur had gone; they were too tall to teach the children. "Johnny," he said, was looked upon as a big man and Mein Lieber Herr was, as of old, the idol of them all. You remember he was very fond of children and —er— young ladies.

We visited the "Lab." and I immediately missed our loquacious old friend, "The Doctor." In his stead reigns Philip the Patient. He has quite a force of assistants under him, for none of the children are allowed to enter the laboratory unaccompanied. It must be some'hing of a recompense to poor little Phil to be able to boss somebody around, at last.

Everything in the old room has been changed to accord with the size, physical and intellectual, of the pupils; so you can easily conceive what radical changes have been made there since we departed.

We left this odoriferous department and walked up the hall. On reaching the upper end, I heard a familiar voice call out, "Baby Smith, one-half plus one demerit." Yes; James, they have even made the demerits smaller.

But the greatest surprise was yet to come. We had just turned into the next corridor, when I heard a monotonous hum of childish voices, and on closer inspection found that it was the Latin Class, reciting principal parts in unison.

I cannot go on, James, and describe these sweeping changes. 'Tis fearful to contemplate, worse, to observe them.

We went from room to room; everything tells the same story. The desks and drawing tables have been lowered and the intricate combination locks removed from the latter. The library is well stocked with juvenile fiction and fairy tales, and the society hall is used as a storage room for baby carriages. All is transformed; whether for better, or for worse, you yourself may decide.

I shall bring this doleful communication to a close with the best wishes of—

Yours, as ever,

WOULDTHEY WERELARGER.

James Sodoi, Boston, Mass.





## Temptations.



No doubt you've been worried by problems abstruse,  
And oft has your teacher come in for abuse,  
Till at length you are weary with worry and fret,  
And make up your mind that a crib you will get.  
Then doesn't your conscience begin to have fun,  
And warn of results when the cribbing's begun?  
Do you then throw aside the temptation to buy  
A new crib? Bet your life that, at least, you will try.

Then again you'll be tempted to change from old ways,—  
To study, to hustle,—you're told that it pays;  
You ponder and worry, but yet never act  
While Morpheus holds you by solemn compact.  
Once more does your conscience begin a big row—  
You'd willingly smother it, if you knew how.  
Of course you are trying to do what is right,  
But I'll bet that your books still remain strapped at night.

## A Chemical Nuptial Knot.



THE other night being rather weary in poring over some scientific work, I yielded to all-powerful sleep and retired. While I slept I dreamed a dream, and this it was.

I was in a musty old library, poring over several different chemical papers. Finally I came across an old copy of "The Chemical Journal" and in perusing its contents I read.

### "UNITED."

On the evening of . . . . . Mr. A. Tom Oxygen and Miss Ethylene Ann Hydride were united in the holy bands of chemical combination by Dr. Powhattan Clark, M.D. (marriage director) assisted by Mr. Philip H. Robb, B. S. (bachelor servant). The ceremony took place in the assembly room of the daily place of labor of the above mentioned divine. The room was beautifully decorated with alkaline palmitates and Schoenbein's test paper. Mr. Al. K. Loids was best man, and Miss Sally Moniac bridesmaid. The ushers were Messrs. Frank Linite, Nick O. Tine, and Ray D. Um. The flower girls were Misses Mag Nesium, Molly Cule, Rhody Um, and Ruth Enium.

The groom wore a beautiful "Purple Robe of Cassius," while the bride was dressed in an exquisite gown of "Prussian Blue," and carried "flowers of Sulphur," in her hand. The ring used in the ceremony was the well-known "arsenic ring" an heirloom of the groom's family.

The Organic wedding march from Mendeleef was beautifully rendered by Mr. Ben Zene. Undoubtedly this was one of the grand occasions of the season and ——— but here I suddenly awoke and found that all had been a delusion. So muttering to myself in an undertone, "Confound that beastly Chemistry," I turned over and was soon again resting in the arms of Morpheus.

# Dies Arborum.



## Chapter I.

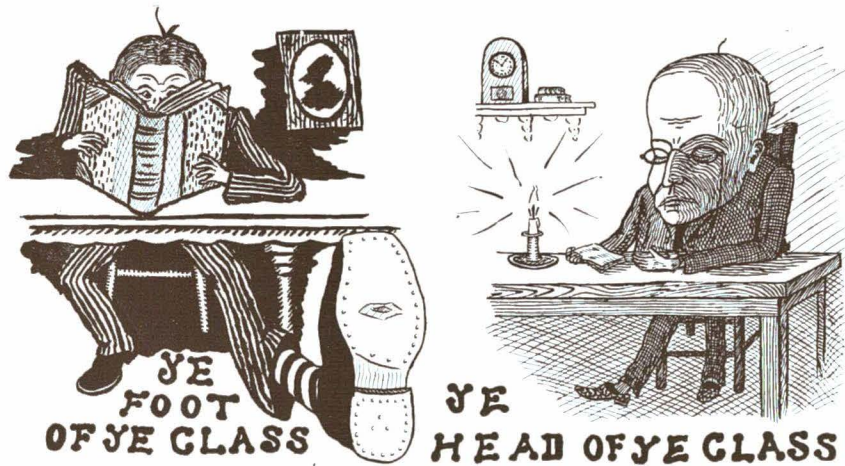
1. And it came to pass, that on that day which is called Dies Arborum, the turbulent masses were gathered together in one place.
2. And he whom the Gentiles call F A S, arose and spake unto them, saying,
3. Ye are my subjects, and here ye shall abide until this day shall close.
4. And, behold, a great murmur arose, and many were angry and filled the air with their groans. And F A S strove to calm the troubled multitude.
5. Now there was among them a bold youth.
6. And when they went to refresh themselves with food, this same one sought the leaders of the people and said unto them,
7. Let us not be as slaves; rather, let us be free.
8. And therefore he wrote where all might see. Return not to the thralldom of the taskmaster.
9. Wherefore, assemble ye all, at the first hour; and be of good courage and stand firm.
10. And, accordingly, each man betook himself unto his own clan, and all did swear to stand firm against the oppressor.
11. And the legati of the King came unto them, saying,
12. Blame not F A S for this thing, for one higher than he is the cause thereof.
13. And, behold, there was a great outcry and all clamored for the blood of the mightier despot.

## CHAPTER II.

1. Now the time was at hand when all were to return to the fields.
2. And the King commanded that the signal be given to disperse them.
3. And one, sent by the Ruler, came and said unto the angry throng, Allay!
4. And some, being sore afraid, went their way in peace.
5. Then, indeed, did the leaders exhort their people to stand firm.
6. And again did they declare that they would be free.



7. Now it came to pass that the clan which was oldest in years began to waver.
8. And when a little time had passed, they went forth, even unto the yoke of the Ruler.
9. Yet were there many who still remained; and F A S stood afar off and marvelled exceedingly.
10. Now the first hour had passed.
11. And such was the strength of the people, that they could have withheld forever. Nevertheless, when a sufficient time had elapsed, the anger of the people subsided.
12. And again returned they to the King's domains and took up their burdens; thus great was their love for him.
13. And F A S spake not a word.



## Etiquette à la Lunch Counter.

(By the author of "Grab, Gobble and Go.")



Do not let anyone crowd you from your position at the counter. Hold on for all you are worth, and if you cannot do better, fight for it.

If you fail to attract the attention of the waiters, push on the floor all the cups, saucers, bowls, etc., within your reach. They will notice you much quicker after you have done this.

If, after having been waited upon, you find that you have no spoon, grab your neighbor's when he is not looking. If he sees you and says anything, soak him on the head with it.

While eating spread out your elbows as far as possible. This will aid digestion, as a good appetite needs plenty of room. If your neighbors object to this, kick them on the shins.

Do not spill more soup than necessary on the counter, as it is apt to be drained off and sold two cents cheaper per bowl.

The gravel which you will find in the bottom of your soup-plate should be thrown into the air, while saying, "What goes up must come down."

When eating ice-cream, never leave any on the plate. Should any remain, pour it down your neighbor's back. He is apt to get hot about it, but this will cool him off.

When through with your bowls and cups, throw them into the wire baskets, for these are intended for just such articles. If you are a candidate for the basket-ball team, this will also give you good practice.

Spoons may be kept as souvenirs. Mr. Bollinger will engrave them with your monogram at reasonable rates.

All complaints of objectionable objects found in the food should be referred to Mr. Hennick.

# THE HERO





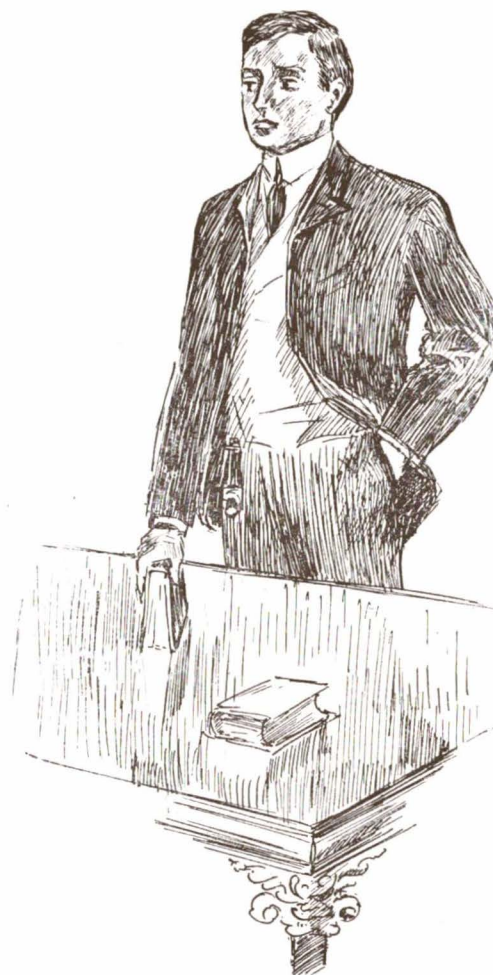
### A TOAST.

Here's health to the pony,  
A jolly old crony,—  
    Perhaps better known as the crib;  
Here's health to translations,  
Notes, interlin'ations,—  
    Long life to the infantile crib!

The youth in a study  
With ideas muddy,  
    Retires to the crib like a child;  
His pony well serves him,  
When ignorance swerves him  
    From far learning's path steep and wild.

Translations now flourish  
Our dull brains to nourish  
    With meat from some grand master mind;  
And books,—'tis reported—  
Have sometimes assorted  
    Professorial notes interlined!!!

Here's health to the pony,  
A jolly old crony,  
    Perhaps better known as the crib;  
Here's health to translations,  
Notes, interlin'ations,—  
    Long life to the infantile crib!



## The Faculty Literary Society.



O, this is not a pipe dream, nor any other kind of vision. It is an adventure and a remarkable one at that.

On the last day of November, in the year of our Lord, 19—, the writer was passing along the first floor of a famous institution of learning, when he heard a familiar voice call out, "I shall be under extraordinary obligations to the gentlemen assembled here, if they will seat themselves in their accustomed places. Will the Faculty Literary Association please come to order!"

"Something doing here," thought I, "I'm going to see what's up," and suiting the action to the words, I strolled, unnoticed, into the room from which had emanated the sounds I had heard. I was more than astonished at what I beheld there. About twenty wise looking chaps were sitting around, occupied in doing everything from picking their teeth to conning "Handy Literals." "Here's a fine looking crew," said I to myself, "they look like old friends." On closer inspection, I discovered that they were the members of the faculty of my old Alma Mater, who, in their endeavors to emulate the embryo orators entrusted to their care, had formed a literary society.

When I had recovered from my astonishment, I sat down in a remote corner of the room, in order to see how these wise fellows would conduct their meeting. As soon as the President had brought the society to order, he read a chapter from the Bible, and ordered the Secretary to call the roll. The Secretary, my old friend, Josel, did so at once and found that M. Einherr was the only absentee. The Doctor informed the association that the gentleman was holding a reception in honor of that "demoralized mob," the D Class.

The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved; and the Treasurer, Mr. Sweeknee, reported that M. Einherr was fifty cents in arrears. At this point, the gentleman in question burst upon the scene, and declared that he had payed that bill "three times already."

The literary portion of the program was next in order; and Uncle Zeke, the children's friend, gave quite an entertaining lecture on "The Historical Significance of Tom Sawyer," but, unfortunately the place was like a "regular bedlam," throughout his entire speech.

Mr. Morgan, the critic, then took the floor, and remarked upon the previous meeting with his characteristic flow of sarcasm and wit. His allusions to "Becky's budding beard," were vociferously applauded and caused that bewhiskered individual to blush beneath the blonde appendage to his countenance.

A short time was now devoted to extemporaneous speaking. Mr. Willy Dick, who was called to the platform, after much humming and hawing, managed to speak a few words on "Disorder in the Halls." He was followed by A. M. A. D. S., who delivered a long address on "French Tests." The chairman then called on Wilbur F.; but he was sound asleep, and all efforts to awaken him proved fruitless.

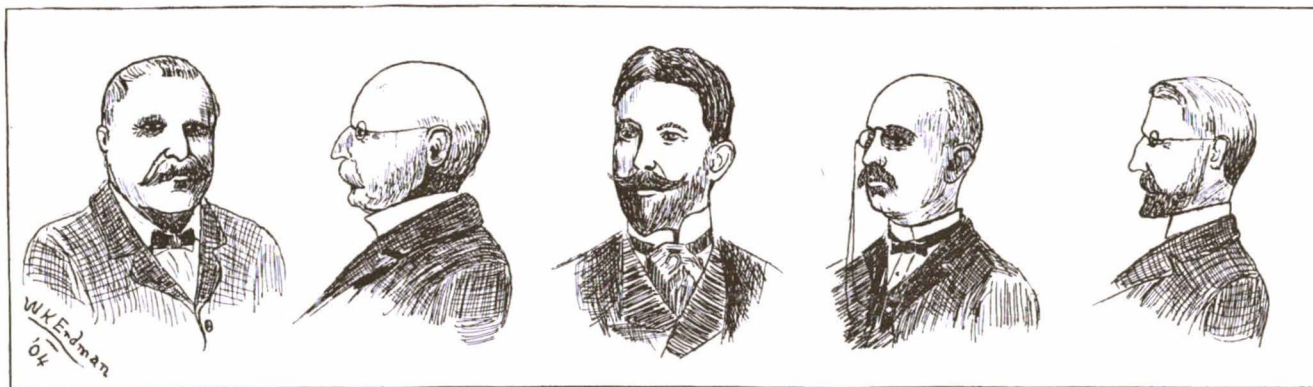
The next head was declamation; and Mr. Jno. F. A. arose and ascended the platform. He announced that he would recite the dagger scene from Macbeth, and when I awoke the President was appointing the judges of debate.

The subject to be discussed was: "Resolved, that teachers should be forbidden to smoke on their way to school." The gentlemen on the affirmative side were Mr. W. R. Ight and the Judge. The arguments of the latter gentleman were especially good, and at times he burst forth into impassioned denunciation of the habits of smoking and chewing tobacco. The negative side of the question was defended by Dr. Alex: and Mr. Willy Dick, both of whom spoke well—well—well—. The judges decided the debate in favor of the negative, for it was evident that the gentlemen on that side knew a great deal more about the subject than their opponents.

After this came a lecture by the Doctor on "The Value of  $H_2S$  as a Cosmetic." Throughout the talk, Mr. J. Immy conducted a magic lantern show; but as most of his pictures illustrated the science of Zoology, the whole affair was voted "Buggy."

It was now becoming evident that the assembly was growing weary; and when Mr. Weggie saw Dr. S. Foxwell making preparations for an address he moved that the association adjourn. The motion was carried; the assembly dispersed; and I was left alone to ponder over what I had just witnessed.

Verily, I was much amazed.





# The Trial of Ruhtra.



Scene Infernal Regions—Rue de Diable.  
(Enter Critics and Wise Man.)

Wise Man.—Peace ho!

All.—Hear him!

W. M.—Art ready for the business of to-day?

Critic No. I.—We would know the import of this meeting.

W. M.—'Tis well! The mighty Ruhtra hath been summoned hence to answer grievous charges. He hath transgressed the bounds of reason and good sense. He quotes us much and claims our learning for his own. We would find out the reasons wherefore, and learn from him what pretext he may have.

Critic No. II.—Yea, verily, thou speakest well. Like Ruhtra, thy looks belie thy mind. We'd scarce have thought thee wise,—with him 'tis otherwise. (Knocking without.) But hold! They bring him hither.

(Enter Ruhtra, surrounded by guards.)

W. M.—Silence all!

Critic No. I.—Thy word my lord is our command.

W. M.—Ruhtra, we've brought thee here to answer for thy wrongs. Grievously hast thou insulted this tribunal, and we'll have retribution, e'en thy life. What sayest thou?

Ruhtra.—I've lived long enough. My way of life is fall'n into the sere, the yel—

Stranger (entering).—Hold! Hold! He doth quote my very words! What mean'st thou, sir?

All.—'Tis Willie Shakespeare! Hear him.!

Will S.—Time and oft hast thou done it. Vengeance shall be mine!

All.—Thou'lt have it! Ruhtra, thy time is come!

Ruhtra.—I'll not despair of mercy. Hence loathed Melancholy.

Shade of Milton (entering).—List to the man. He speaks as with my tongue. And see! He has it writ, copied in a little book.

(Enter shades of City College boys.)

Shades of C. C. Boys.—We've known that, many's the year.

Wise Man.—For shame, Ruhtra, for shame! Thy very pupils have found out thy ways. But I'll not have thy blood upon my hands. Begone! Equivocate no more!

(Flourish, curtain.)





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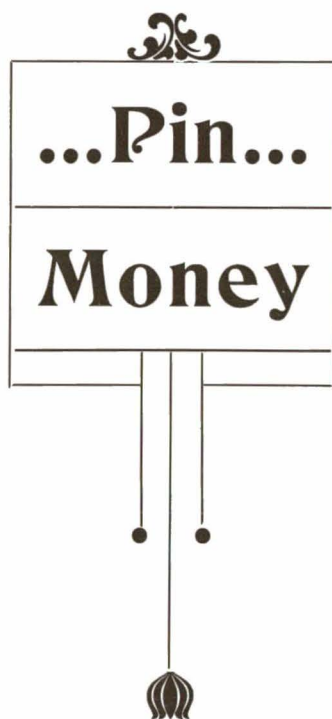
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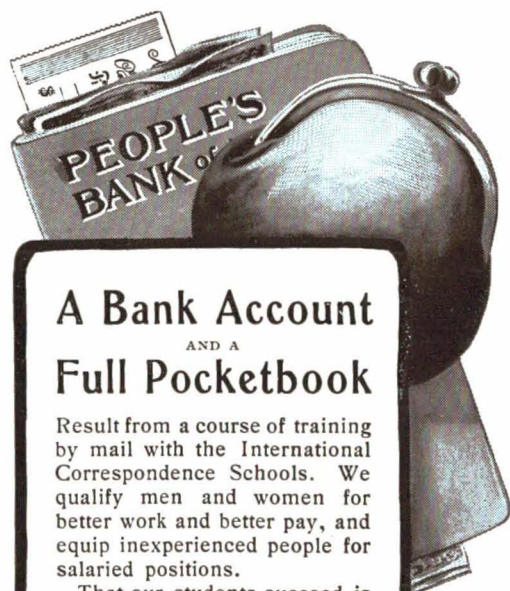
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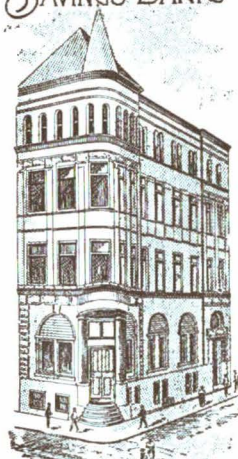
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